

Happy 25th Birthday

COLUMBIA

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A celebration

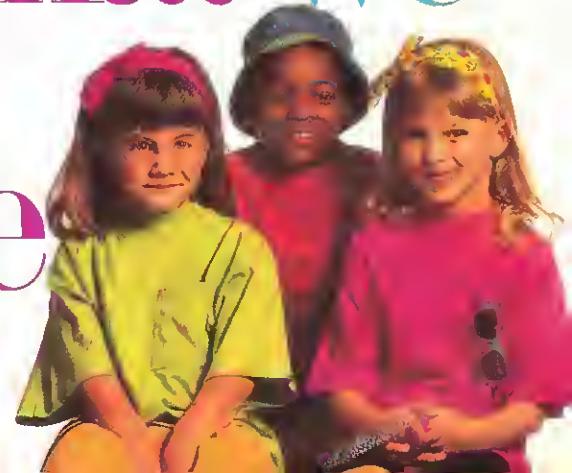
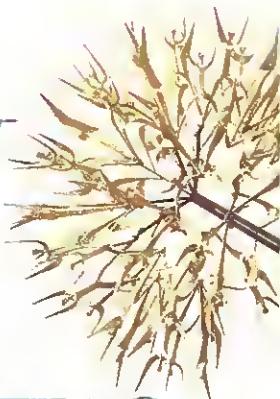
of the way we were,

how we are now



and what we

will become



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On the cover children's ware courtesy of
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Page 19

Front of the Book 12

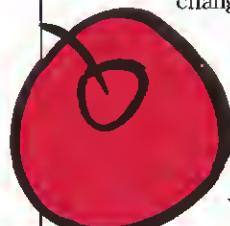
You scream, I scream, we all scream for ice cream ... We may be short on history, but we're long on tradition ... Columbia's first baby is all grown up, and he'll celebrate along with his city ... Some like it natural — a food co-op that's been around almost as long as New Town ... The price we pay for a long hot summer ... Gone but not forgotten: Mrs. Z's, Bama the llama and other fond memories

Up and Coming 19

The fourth annual Festival of the Arts, the City Fair, a fireworks display and other special birthday events celebrate Columbia's silver jubilee.

In Celebration 22

Strange (and hilarious) things have happened along the way — cold duck(s), pink piles and reluctant elephants ... What Columbia still needs: how about a major league ball team? No way ... The way we were: portraits of a man of faith, a child who grew up here, a woman who came of age, and another whose life changed dramatically ... They shaped the city: 25 whose contributions really made a difference... A photographer's eye view ... The dream vs. the reality: what the planners envisioned and what we got.



Page 13

Fashion 30

Young Columbians with entrepreneurial and community spirit celebrate at the Lakefront in real-life fashions.

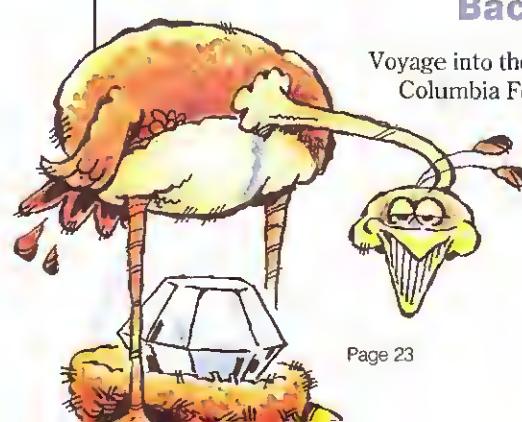


Essay 54

How we got to be the way we are ... reactions, issues and growing pains during those early years.

Dining Out 77

A complete guide to dining out in Howard County ... plus new restaurants bring Indian, Japanese, Korean and American fare to town ... How to buy your cake and eat it too ... plus the lowdown on which restaurants around town will honor your birthday with a surprise.



Page 23

Back of the Book 98

Voyage into the future: Morris Keeton and the Columbia Forum set sail for a better city.



Page 24

THE ROUSE COMPANY

Salutes Columbia at 25



The City Where People and Businesses Want To Stay

FRONT OF THE BOOK

Here's the scoop on our favorite flavors

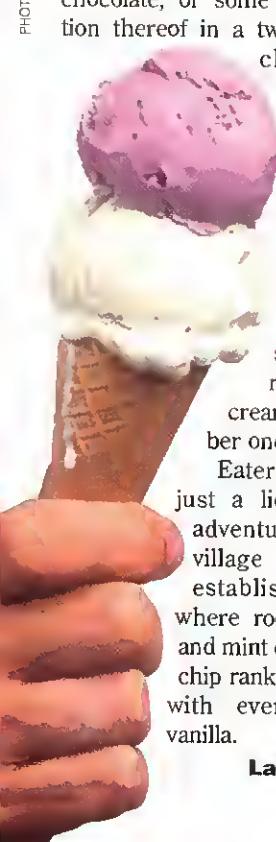
How about some ice cream to go with your slice of Columbia's birthday cake? The scoop is that New Town eateries offer a total of 171 flavors of ice cream and sherbet for your delectation, as well as 14 of yogurt (two without sugar), and 42 different snow shakes, including six sugar-free varieties.

And this doesn't even begin to address the multiplicity of choices when it comes to toppings or cone options, when applicable.

Somehow, though, having all these selections hasn't exactly made us ice cream gourmets. Favorite flavors at Mall shops remain the tried-and-true standards: vanilla, chocolate, or some combination thereof in a twist or as chocolate chips. Except at Deep South Snow-shakes that is - there, strawberries and cream is number one.

Eaters seem just a lick more adventurous at village center establishments, where rocky road and mint chocolate chip rank up there with ever-popular vanilla.

Lane Page



We may be young, but we're strong on traditions

Twenty-five years may not be long in the great scheme of things, but Columbia has managed to accumulate its share of traditions during this quarter century. Some began as rather utilitarian affairs which caught fire, some observe holidays or changing seasons, and others celebrate nothing less than ourselves.

Not ones to be restrained by false modesty, we throw ourselves a birthday bash each third weekend in June. No mere party, it's the weekend-long City Fair, complete with midway, entertainers, artisans and good eats.

No sooner have the carneys and crafties moved on than we welcome artists of international fame for the Columbia Festival of the Arts, during the last glorious week of June and beginning of July. True, the Festival is only in its third year, but all signs indicate that it should live long and prosper. Look for a Fountain Cafe at the lakefront over the weekend this year, plus country, jazz and family presentations, and luminaries such as Andre Watts and Ahmad Jamal.

Independence Day lakefront fireworks, now sponsored by the Columbia Kiwanis Club, have been the place to be on the Fourth since 1966.

Over in the Longfellow neighborhood of Harper's Choice the beat goes on. For some 20 years each July Fourth, decorated bikes and vans, local politicos and homemade floats go the distance before a neighborhood softball game between the Eliot's Oak Nuts and the Hesperus Wrecks.

Many of Columbia's villages and neighborhoods have their own annual observances, but the older the area the greater the chance that one of them has become a Tradition.

Take the Long Reach Country Fair. The folks

at Stonehouse have been ushering in autumn on the second Saturday in September for 15 years now. No chance of that, though: the entertainment, crafts, food and special events like pony rides and dunk-a-cop will go on, rain or shine.

On a Saturday morning toward the end of September, for almost a decade, parents head for the ASPO Lamaze sale of kiddie and maternity paraphernalia at Wilde Lake High School. Well over 100 vendors rent tables to sell quality used items; some to each other, sometimes for a third go-round, and some to the same shoppers yearly as their families age together. A similar sale is held in mid-May.

Which is a pretty busy time for the tradition-observant in these parts. During the first week of May there's the Columbia Foundation's annual Spring Party, its tenth this year. About 650 or so of the Foundation's best friends get together to thank both contributors and the non-profit County organizations they support for their efforts.

About the same time Family Life Center, Columbia's non-profit mental health facility, holds its annual (live and silent) benefit auction.

Already in full swing is the Sunday afternoon antique market held in the covered parking area at Columbia Mall. A real oldie-but-goodie going into its 21st season (late April-late October), the sale hosts 200-400 dealers.

But lest we forget, there's a tradition many local residents observe weekly, and in doing so, they observe each other. It's that regular Friday night visit to the Mall. If you don't see someone you know there, well, maybe you need to get out more often.



He's Columbia's first baby— all grown up now

Charlie Russell was *almost* born in Columbia, but not quite. His parents, Barbara and Charles Russell, arrived at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore with only 45 minutes to spare.

There was in fact, no hospital here when Charlie was born on September 13, 1967, two weeks early, and not quite three months after James Rouse opened his New Town.

So Charlie, whose parents Charles and Barbara Russell had moved to Columbia that July, has always been known as Columbia's first baby.

From the beginning, he was a bit of a celebrity. Columbia Bank opened an account in his name to celebrate his birth, and Giant Food presented him with a 'birth-day' cake. Newspapers photographed him on his first birthday. And well into his childhood the media touted Charlie, whose mother is white

and father is black, as a symbol of Columbia's racial diversity and harmony.

Barbara and Charles Russell, who then worked for the Social Security Administration, had planned to move to California the year after Charlie was born. But a quarter of a century later, they are still here, and so is Charlie.

A waiter at Bennigan's and a student at Howard Community College, Charlie hopes to teach high school math someday — an ambition, he says, that comes in part from a desire to help kids who are having a rough time.

His own adolescence wasn't always a smooth one, says Columbia's first baby, a former Boy Scout who won ribbons for his swimming on Columbia's neighborhood teams.

It's taken him awhile to find himself, but he's learned a lot. And he knows what's important to him: family and friends are what count.

And no doubt Charlie counts with them, too. Although Barbara and Charles Russell are now divorced, they remain friends and continue to get together for family celebrations. It's a safe bet that there'll be one of those family events in September,

when
Columbia's
first son joins
his city in celebrating
25 years of life.

Susan Connell

Naturally, almost from the start

Maybe you are one of those people who wouldn't mind the prospect of life without whole wheat bread. If so, you probably wouldn't have been among the 20 or so folks who formed the Columbia Natural Foods cooperative back in 1969.

Perhaps you would have signed on later when members expanded their order forms from natural bread, flour, nuts and other dried goods to include cheeses, eggs and meat, and specialty items for allergy-sufferers as well. Or you might have joined for the organic produce via a related spin-off co-op.

Original members were going with the flow of the times, as well as the character of the place, when co-oping was the way a lot of things were done.

Some were young growing families on strict budgets for whom a savings of up to 40% off retail price made all the difference. Some, friends from La Leche League, were interested from a health and nutrition point of view, at a time when two grocery stores with precious few specialty items were the only sources of food for miles. Some were excited by the heady can-do spirit in the air during Columbia's early days.

Some had all those motivations, which was probably a lucky thing when it came time to put in the hours of labor co-ops involve. (Currently a minimum of 20 hours per year is required, plus an \$18 membership fee to cover the non-profit group's costs.)

Later, the wheat-, egg- and dairy-free products and even more natural items like environmentally-friendly toiletries and cleaning products impressed other prospective members.

Dedicated members persevered through distributors went out of business, deliveries were snowed out, a distribution site lost...

Today's order form is much longer than it used to be, notes CNF founding member Gwen Peters, including chips and other "healthy junk food," sweets made with honey, convenience items like spaghetti sauce and even a line of pet food... A list of things the co-op cannot get would be much shorter than the ones it can; members can even borrow the distributor's catalogue for special orders as long as they can handle the minimum required quantity (25 pounds of rice, for instance, but only 6-12 cans of soup or a dozen cups of yogurt.)

Don't let visions of interminable leftovers, excess artichokes or endless chicken parts fill your head. Although delivery is monthly (every two months for meat), freezer ownership is not a prerequisite for co-op participation.

Lane Page

ILLUSTRATION BY CLAUDIA LA-FUSE

FRONT OF THE BOOK

Tie tacks, tumblers, tote bags, and tees

If you haven't picked up your city souvenir/birthday gift/ party favor yet, head to the Columbia Products market cart at the Mall before the month of May is out. The array of T- and sweatshirts, umbrellas and tote bags, baseball caps and tie tacks, mugs, memo cubes and decks of cards, key chains, note cards and tumblers provide almost everyone with something to remember our quarter century by.

Perhaps a more formal selection is what you had in mind. Opt for a pewter plate or 25th birthday gold-embossed People Tree print, already matted for your convenience.

Tardy and undecided celebrants can find Columbia Products' booth at the City Fair as well, or having missed that, contact the company at 596-2760.

Village chauvinists may prefer their own logos: Harper's Choice, Kings Contrivance and Owen Brown each offer colorful attire and oddments; contact their offices to see.

However, in addition to its People Tree glassware, Long Reach village may be selling the most memorable souvenir of all: in

New Town blue, complete with logo, an official Columbia pooper scooper. Party animals take note.

Lane Page

PHOTO BY DAVID HOBBY

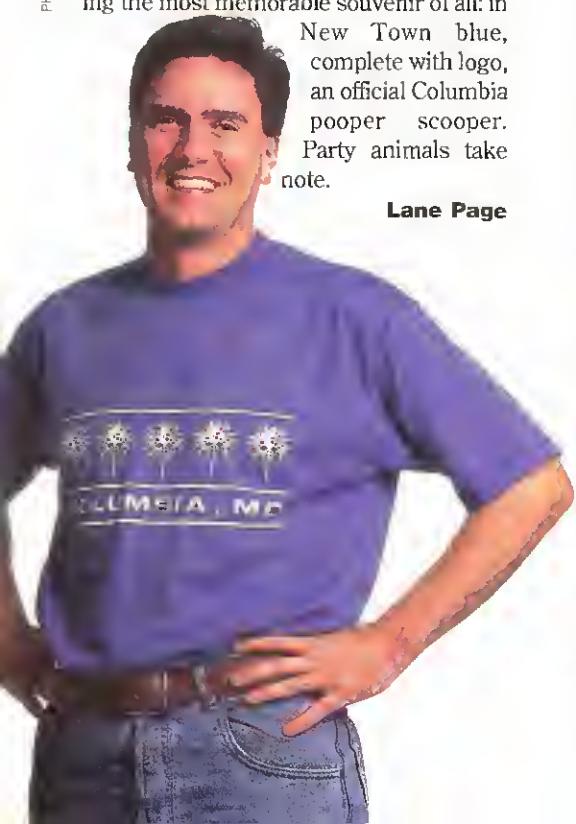


ILLUSTRATION BY SOPHIA LEWIS

Coming of age — with a final resting place most peaceful for those we love

Once the label "quarter century" is affixed, a body starts eying eternity with a sharper gaze.

Disappeared are the pell-mell days of youth and immortality, when nary a glance was cast towards a final resting place. Such was the youthful Columbia, where the shape of stoplights and the color of deck trim was planned, but a cemetery forgotten.

But at the tender age of 21, Columbia's first graveyard opened. No longer a novelty, Columbia Memorial Park is now part of the community. It cradles the bones of people we love.

About 60 people are buried there, but more than 700 plots have been sold to the ecumenical souls of Columbia and Howard County, says Harvey Geller, developer of the cemetery, which eternally rests on the south side of Route 108 near the new village of River Hill.

The gates are iron black and open, but the Columbia Memorial Park is more park than memorial, at first glance. In fact, the cemetery resembles a groomed London park. That's because the Rouse Co. and a citizen panel devised a covenant booklet — those covenants haunt us even after death — governing everything from the types of trees to the alignment of gravesites.

No headstones poke from the virgin turf at Columbia Memorial Park; instead, bronze markers — with names, dates and grape leaves, or small crosses, or Hebrew stars — lie flush with the ground.

In fact, says Geller, the guidelines won't let him erect anything taller than three feet unless it's organic — like a dogwood tree, or a juniper or flowering cherry. No statues of religious figures, no cascading fountains, no obelisks. But there will be an outdoor chapel in the woods, a mausoleum masked by trees, a nature center and trails.

But despite the memorial park's beauty, and the inevitability of this whole death thing, people are still reluctant.

"A high percentage of people are resistant to discuss anything pertaining to death," Geller says.

"It's a planned community, but people don't like to plan for death," says Donald Ger, the memorial park's office manager.

It could be said, though, that those we love might be in good company in their final resting place.

"Unfortunately, there are a lot of young people, because it's a young community," Geller laments.

Rouse vice president Michael Spear, his wife Judith and daughter Jodi, who died in a 1990 plane crash, are buried with their feet facing a stand of trees. A granite bench near their markers is deeply etched with "Spear." The forest sways and clacks above them.

Columbia has finally realized death, and it's a peaceful repose.

Susan Thornton

Gone but not forgotten: Sewell's, Bama the llama, Mrs. Z's and other fond memories

If dilapidated porches fronted houses 'round here, Columbians would creak their rockers and reminisce about the good old days of this little town.

"Remember when Route 175 had one stoplight?" Nod... creak. "Used to be, Dasher Green was like a prairie - deer crashing right through the back yard." Creak...squeak. "And that dance hall, what was it called - the Disco Palace - whoo-boy, you sure looked sharp in your leisure suit." Cackle...creak.

For such a young town - it's only 25 after all - Columbia is mighty nostalgic. But Columbians feel they've built this town. And they well remember when - even if it was only 25 years ago. Though our monuments may seem a trifle trivial to outsiders - a pizza shop, a golf course, a petting zoo - they're Columbia's sole claims to heritage.

And one of the quickest ways to Columbians' hearts is through their stomachs. The spiritual comforts of foodstuffs - the slippery mozzarella of Columbo's Pizza, Mrs. Z's pungent spinach pies, a Sewell's Orchard June strawberry — evoke palpable memories that tug at Columbia's gut.

For more than 11 years — it opened in 1963 — Richard and Eileen Listrani served up pizzas from behind Columbo's Pizza Villa's high counter in Harper's Choice, which was then Joseph's Square.

In the dim, oregano-scented restaurant, kids craned their necks to watch the Listranis'

three offspring whirling crusts, or massed around the gurgling tanks full of glittery fish. But in the '80s, when pizza joints proliferated like dandelions, Columbo's faltered, and finally closed in 1984.

The lifespan of Mrs. Z's restaurant on Cedar Lane was even briefer. From its opening in 1974 until its fiery

demeise five years later, Columbians nested in the restaurant's earthy recesses. Owner Peg Zabawa still yearns to open another homey dining room, one "where you can feel togetherness...where the piano, crafts, art work invite you to stay longer, to browse, to buy or just to be together," reads the faded cinnamon-colored writing on the tattered menu in the Columbia Archives.

Friends and past patrons still stop Zabawa about a new old eatery as she piles up her grocery cart or strolls through the mall, asking "When?" And

while money is the most important missing link now, she says, the customers were then her restaurant's essential ingredient.

"Somehow it was the people that came in," Zabawa says. "They made things happen. Of course you had to set up the ambiance, but people were comfortable there."

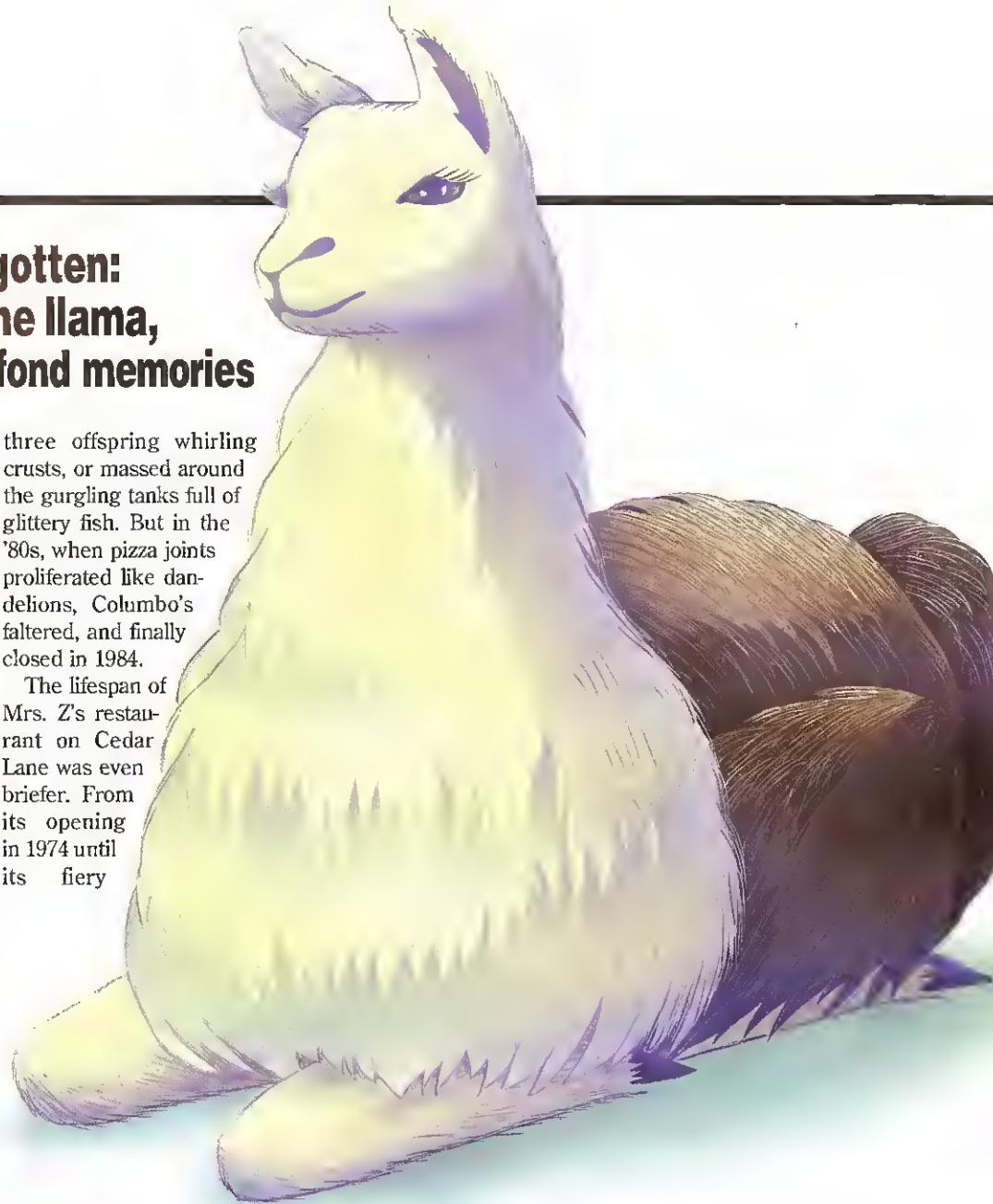
For *ambiance d'agriculture*, Columbians tramped delightedly through the mud of Sewell's Orchards. Families — their toddlers plunked between the furrows to munch fresh dirt — covered fruit — sifted

through the warm, good earth for the perfect strawberry or stretched to reach a juicy globe of apple.

Columbians played farm for almost 20 years at Sewell's, until development along Oakland Mills Road chewed away its edges and the family sold the farm. Rows of houses have replaced the apple trees at Sewell's Orchards.

Townhouses and condominiums have also supplanted the green, green grass of Allview Golf Course, which was near the intersection of

continued on next page



FRONT OF THE BOOK

Gone but not forgotten: Irma la Douce and Eye of the Camel

from previous page

routes 29 and 108. Drivers on 29 often chuckled at the sight of a cleat-wearer combing the shoulders of the highway for a wayward ball.

Though its location wasn't ideal, the course still elicits devotion from sentimental golfers. The "small, elevated greens" were the draw, says Gene Ward, the Allview pro for 17 years who now works at Hobbit's Glen.

"I was attached to it," Ward laments, especially the bunkers at hole number one.

Bob Bellamy, now the director of club operations at Columbia Association, recalls "playing a few rounds" and has even tucked away an old score-card. Memory, Bellamy chuckles, is kind to Allview, which closed in 1985.

For the markedly younger set, the memories of many a Columbia child are marked by the Columbia Petting

Zoo, which reigned from 1973 to 1982 like a Camelot in Symphony Woods.

Bama the llama (with his perpetual warm peanut breath), wrinkly Tank the tortoise and Irma (la Douce) the donkey cohabitated peacefully. Farm ducks and African pygmy goats nosed through corn together, ad dutifully submitted to the awkward pats of squealing youngsters.

This town's phantoms have burgeoned over the years — The Eye of the Camel artist's colony, the Women's Center, the Upstairs Theatre, Antioch College, Roy's Place II, the Long Reach and Wilde Lake libraries, the sky-bound silo at Oakland Mills. And while the monuments themselves have vanished, Columbia remembers. Creak... sigh...creak

Susan Thornton

Keeping cool, whatever the cost

During the lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer, the cost of doing business may seem less important than the cost of having fun. Herewith, then, a list of local prices for some of the season's pleasurable pastimes:

- The average price for an ice cream cone is \$1.43.
- The cost of a dip in one of the neighborhood pools, supposing a couple of visits a week for the duration, figures out to \$8.75 per dip for a single living on CA assessed property; \$5.50 for someone with a couple membership or \$2.94 for a family membership holder belonging to a family of four. Last summer, non-members paid \$6.75 per adult and \$4.50 per child under 14 per visit.
- The average price of a gin-and-tonic is \$3; a regular iced tea \$1.25. These days some establishments provide free refills ... on the tea, of course.
- A pound of charcoal for outdoor grilling averages 34 cents in 10-pound bags.
- Lakefront fireworks on the Fourth of July cost the Columbia Kiwanis Chapter \$500 per minute for the 30-minute display, but if three people drive over together it'll cost only an average of \$1 each to park there. (Kiwanis would appreciate any contributions toward the cause, though; earmark them for fireworks if desired.)
- The average cost of a movie ticket after 6 p.m. is \$6.13, or \$3.88 for children and seniors. Averaging in the free lakefront movies brings the price down to \$4.08 and \$2.58. Tickets are \$4 for a matinee, except for Columbia Cinema's Wednesday specials, when tickets are \$2.50 walk-up or \$5.50 in advance for the whole series of eight shows.
- Many events at the Columbia Festival of the Arts are free; some \$15 (students \$7.50); some \$5 (students free). The big ticket concert is the Baltimore Symphony in performance at Merriweather Post with pianist Andre Watts soloing. Reserved seats are \$25, students and seniors free lawn seating.
- The average price per tomato plant in a market pack is 38 cents.
- Merriweather Post concert tickets average \$21.87 for Pavilion seating, \$15.95 on the lawn.
- A boat ride on Lake Kittamaqundi, whether by paddleboat or canoe, costs a couple \$2 per person for a half-hour during the day, \$3 each for an hour. Rates are \$3 and \$4 per in the evening.
- The cost to air-condition an average sized three-bedroom ranch is something like \$200-265; an average two-story colonial about \$30-40 more.

Lane Page



The city fair, arts festival, fireworks and special events mark Columbia's silver jubilee

Happy 25th Birthday, Columbia

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT LEWIS

Elsewhere, we acknowledge, people may be observing the 500th anniversary of Columbus' journey, but in these parts it's Columbia's 25th anniversary voyage we're celebrating. In fact, between that special birthday observance June 19-21, the Festival of the Arts June 23-July 3, and the annual Independence Day festivities, your leisure time should be well occupied from now into July.

We remind you to check out the lakefront concerts and movies, individual village schedules of events, and the County Parks and Recreation Department summer series at Centennial Park. But as for us, we have enough to do keeping track of all the one-after-another celebrations taking place right here through the Fourth of July....

SATURDAY, MAY 30

11 a.m.-3 p.m. Wilde Lake Village 25th Birthday Celebration, Village Green. Admission Free. Hula hoop contest and '60s dance demos, performers, tie-dying, bead-stringing, kids' activities, crafts, giveaways, visiting dignitaries.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4

6:30 p.m. Dorsey Search Village Center Birthday Concert. Free. Baltimore Brass Band.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11

6:30 p.m. Dorsey Search Village Center Birthday Concert. Free. Partners II.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13

10 a.m.-4 p.m. Columbia Forum Cardboard Boat Regatta, Lake Kittamaqundi. Registration \$15 (includes T-shirt, photo and souvenir pendant); Free to watch. Registration 10 a.m., races noon-4 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17

11:30 a.m.-8 p.m. Hickory Ridge Village Center Grand Opening, Freetown Road and Cedar Lane. Entertainment and most activities free. Performances, artists, art corner for kids, giveaways, raffle.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18

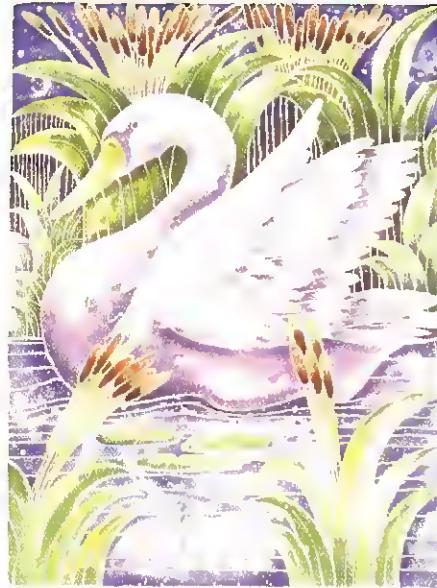
6:30 p.m. Dorsey Search Village Center Birthday Concert. Free. Hammond Jazz Combo.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19

6-11 p.m. City Fair begins, Kittamaqundi Lakefront. Admission Free. 7 p.m. South stage performances: Dance Dimension at 7 p.m., Rhumba Club at 8:15. Free.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20

10 a.m.-noon Early Bird Special: City Fair rides noon-11 p.m. City Fair South stage performances: Fran Scuderi at noon, Cornucopia 1 p.m., Locura 3 p.m.



bluegrass 5 p.m., juggler Jerry Rowan 7:15 p.m., Mama Jama 8:30 p.m.

North stage performances: Chinese King Fu demo 12:30 p.m., Partners in Song 1:30 p.m., United Martial Arts demo 2:30 p.m., Drama Learning Center performance 4 p.m., Columbia Gymnastics demo 5:30 p.m., Feet First Dance Company performance 6:30 p.m. Free, noon-4 p.m. Children's art activities, Marriott Courtyard children's area. Free.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21

9 a.m. Two-Mile Fun Run/Walk, K&M Building, Lakefront. Free. 12-9 p.m. City Fair South stage performances: Columbia Concert Band at 12:15 p.m., Columbia International Folk Dancers 1:15 p.m., the Hindered band 3:30 p.m., Beat Boys 5:30 p.m., Rest Area band 6:45 p.m., Aleta Green 9 p.m. North stage performances: Chloe's Hatkido demo at 12:30 p.m., Jazzercise demo 1:30 p.m., Top Flight Gymnastics demo 2:30 p.m., TSU Children's Dance performance 6:30 p.m. Free, noon-4 p.m. Children's art activities, Marriott Courtyard children's area. Free. 2 p.m. 25th Birthday cake cutting ceremony with Jim Rouse, South Stage.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23

Columbia Festival of the Arts begins 7:30 p.m. Fred Sherry, Cello performance-demonstration, Oakland. Free.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24

7:30 p.m. The Dance Dimension, Kinetics Dance Company, Kathy Wildberger/PATH, WLHS; \$12 and \$6 (students).

7:30 p.m. Festival Forum: Process vs. Product, Smith Theatre, Free.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25

2 p.m. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Open Rehearsal, Smith Theatre. Tickets \$5; students Free. 6 p.m. Gallery Opening, Maryland Museum of African Art, Oakland. Free. 6:30 p.m. Dorsey Search Village Center Concert. Free. Silver String Quartet. 8 p.m. Tmu-Na Theatre: 'Real-Time', Slayton House. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50. 8 p.m. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Smith Theatre. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50. Presented in association with Candlelight Concert Society.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26

Noon. ISO Dance, Master-class, Slayton House. Free. 2 p.m. ISO Dance, Performance-demo, WLHS. Free. 6 p.m. Country and Bluegrass Evening, Lakefront main stage. Free. Rockcreek at 6 p.m., Margie Calhoun and the New Heartaches at 8 p.m. and the Johnson Mountain Boys at 9:30 p.m. 6-11 p.m. Craft Show, Lakefront. Demo tent 6-8 p.m. 6-11:30 p.m. Fountain Cafe, Lakefront. Goodies from American Cafe, Bare Bones, Clyde's, Crab Shanty, Hunan Manor, Piccolo's and Tersiguel's. 7 p.m. Lakefront stage. Free. Douglas Clegg 7 p.m., Tom Gala and Richard Drueding 9 p.m. 8 p.m. Tmu-Na Theatre: 'Real-Time', Slayton House. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50. At 8 p.m. Ahmad Jamal, Smith Theatre. \$18; students \$9.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27

2 p.m. Tmu-Na Theatre: 'Real-Time', Slayton House. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50. 2 p.m. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Open Rehearsal, Smith Theatre. Tickets \$5; students Free. 2 p.m. Grace Hartigan, Lecture and Slide Show, Wilde Lake Interfaith Center. Tickets \$12; students \$6. 3 p.m. Family Day, Kittamaqundi Lakefront main stage. Free. See Baltimore American Indian Center Dancers at 3 p.m., Theatrics in "Circus Berserkus" at 4:30 p.m. and David Jack at 6 p.m. 3-6 p.m. Children's Art Installation: Picturing People—Family Portraits. Lakefront near acoustic stage. 3-11 p.m. Craft Show, Lakefront. Demonstration tent 3-8 p.m. 3-11:30 p.m. Fountain Cafe, Lakefront. 4-7 p.m. Roving clowns. Lakefront. 7 p.m. Kittamaqundi Lakefront acoustic stage. Free. Theatrics perform "The Unraveling Circus" at 7 p.m., Shirra Gray at 9 p.m.

continued on next page

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8 p.m. ISO Dance, Wilde Lake High School. Tickets \$18; students \$9. 8 p.m. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Smith Theatre. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50. Presented in association with Candlelight Concert Society. 8 p.m. Tm-Na Theatre: 'Real-Time,' Slayton House. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50. 8 p.m. An Evening of Jazz, Kittamaquundi Lakefront main stage. Free. Hear Devra and the Tropic of Capricorn at 8 p.m., Terence Blanchard at 9:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28

2 p.m. ISO Dance, Wilde Lake High School. Tickets \$18; students \$9. 2 p.m. Tm-Na Theatre: 'Real-Time,' Slayton House. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50. 2 p.m. Traditions of Africa, Maryland Museum of African Art, Oakland. Tickets \$5 all ages.

2 p.m. Family Day, Kittamaquundi Lakefront main stage. Free. Hear Bob Devlin at 2 p.m., the Smith Sisters at 3:30 p.m. and Columbia Concert Band at 5 p.m.

2-6 p.m. Craft Show, Lakefront. Demonstration tent.

2-6 p.m. Fountain Cafe, Lakefront. 3 p.m. John McCutcheon, the Columbia Inn. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50. 3 p.m. Kittamaquundi Lakefront acoustic stage. Free. Bill Baker at 3 p.m., Karen Ashbrook with Keith Fletcher at 4 p.m.

6 p.m. Gates open at Merriweather, bring your picnic supper! 7:30 p.m. Baltimore Symphony Orchestra with Andrew Litton and soloist Andre Watts, Merriweather Post Pavilion. Tickets \$25 reserved; \$15 general admission; \$10 lawn; students and children free general admission and lawn. Presented in association with Merriweather Post Pavilion 7:30 p.m. John McCutcheon, the Columbia Inn. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50.

MONDAY, JUNE 29

7 p.m. 'Game of Chance' Symposium to follow, Toby's Dinner Theatre. Tickets \$12; students \$6.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30

2 p.m. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Open Rehearsal. Smith Theatre. Tickets \$5; students Free.

8 p.m. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Smith Theatre. Tickets \$15; students \$7.50. Presented in association with Candlelight Concert Society.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1

7 p.m. Ashley Bryan, author and storyteller. Wilde Lake Interfaith Center. Tickets \$5. Presented in association with the Howard County Poetry & Literature Society. 7:30 p.m. The Capitol Brass, Oakland. Tickets \$10; students \$5.

THURSDAY, JULY 2

6 p.m. Natalie Woodson, storyteller. Maryland Museum of African Art, Oakland. Tickets \$5 all ages. 6:30 p.m. Dorsey Search Village Center Concert, Dorsey Search Village Center court. Free. Satyr Hill Band Please note: series continues Thursdays through July 23. 7:30 p.m. Symposium: 'Beyond Dick & Jane: The World of Children's Books,' Wilde Lake Interfaith Center. Tickets \$5 all ages. Presented in association with the Howard County Poetry & Literature Society. 8 p.m. New Stages: 'The Costume Shop,' Slayton House. Tickets \$10; students \$5. 8 p.m. Eva Anderson's Baltimore Dance Theatre, Smith Theatre. Tickets \$10; students \$5.

FRIDAY, JULY 3

7:30 p.m. The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center with the Columbia Pro Cantare, Wilde Lake High School. Tickets \$18; students \$9. 8 p.m. New Stages: 'The Costume Shop,' Slayton House. Tickets \$10; students \$5. 9:30 p.m. Festival Encore at the Lakefront: Big Joe and the Dynafloows. Free.

SATURDAY, JULY 4

1:30-11 p.m. Independence Day Festivities and Fireworks, Lake Kittamaquundi and environs. Suggested donation \$1 each, parking \$3. Last Chance Jazz Band, Little Junior and the Hitmen, and the Whitewalls are among bands performing.

6:30 p.m. Toddlers' Parade, Wincopin Circle.

7 p.m. Dinner Dance, Spear Center; music by Impact. Admission \$40.

9:30 p.m. Fireworks over the Lake.

For information about these festivities, call the following numbers: Wilde Lake Village 730-3987, Dorsey's Search Village 461-2511, Columbia Forum 381-0496, Hickory Ridge Village Center (Columbia Management) 992-3600, Columbia Birthday Celebration and City Fair 997-0974, Columbia Festival of the Arts 381-0520, July Fourth Celebration (Columbia Kiwanis Club) 730-4545.

—Compiled by Lane Page

Strange things that have happened along the way

By Susan Thornton
Illustrations by Glenn Foden

Jim Rouse walks into this bar, see, and he's carrying a duck...."

Alas, don't perk up your collective ears yet, Columbia, that's not a joke circulating around office circles and cul-de-sacs. But, after 25 years of covenants and planning meetings, Columbia merits a little levity.

After all, there are jests galore about Washington and Baltimore, hon. The new town deserves its own collection of comic anecdotes to tell in a pinch.

And, after a bit of research, we discovered that a funny thing — a lot of funny things in fact — happened on the way to Columbia.

- The Columbia Association offers terrific humor fodder. The first Columbia Swim Center was heated, and walled in, but not covered. "So the lifeguard would be sitting up there and it would be snowing into the pool," admits CA

president Pat Kennedy. "It was more of an Arizona design." Then there was the Columbia ski slope when it just refused to snow, he laughs.

- Animals seem to elicit more than their share of humor. Kennedy remembers a very proper lady gazing at the ostrich-like rhea bird in the petting zoo in Symphony Woods. Attracted to a glitter at her ear, the bird reached out and gobbled her diamond earring, Kennedy says. The beleaguered zookeeper followed the rhea bird around until it had digested and deposited the earring, which was promptly returned to the owner.

And Jean Gobbel, director of the Columbia Archives, remembers a kangaroo escaping from the zoo, hopping frantically around Columbia chased by bewildered police.

The llamas, explains Chick Rhodehamel, director of open space for CA, often got wanderlust on a summer evening.

"If they got excited enough, they could summon up this Nureyev leap and clear the fence," Rhodehamel says. CA workers would then turn llama herders to avoid panic in the mall parking lot.

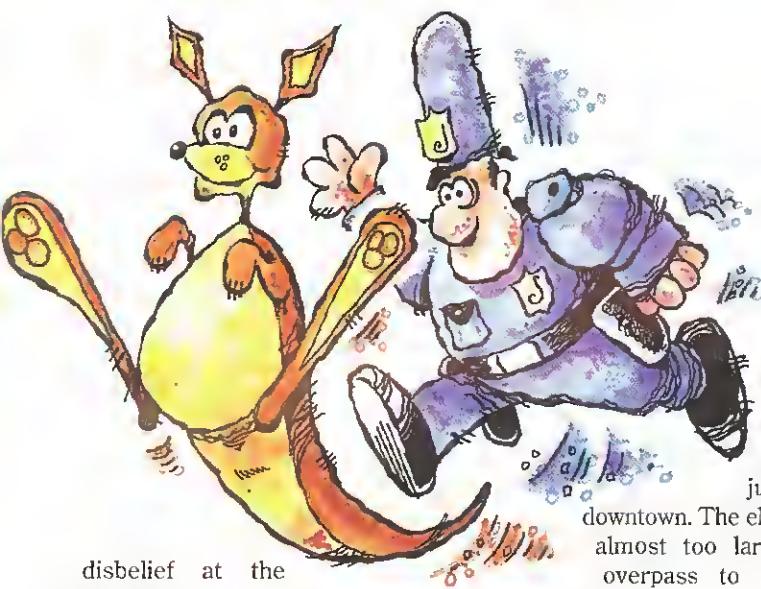


- Rhodehamel was eager to please when he came on board in the early 1980s. So when a group of concerned office workers called to say that ducks were 'frozen' to the ice at Lake Kittamaquendi, Rhodehamel tried to explain.

"No self-respecting duck would let water get cold enough around his anal regions," he says, but those animal-lovers wouldn't take no for an answer. So he and a co-worker arrived at the lake to save the ducks, as the office workers watched from their vantage point high up in the nearby office tower.

"Columbia birds are pretty used to humans," Rhodehamel says, so despite their efforts to jump on the dock and wave their arms to dislodge the birds and prove their health, the birds merely blinked in





disbelief at the humans.

Rhodehamel sighed, tied a rope around his waist that he handed to his buddy, and gingerly stepped onto the ice. Screaming and clapping, Rhodehamel inched nearer the birds. At a distance of about 10 feet from the cluster of cozy ducks, he heard the crack under his feet.

"Every bird on the lake flies off," Rhodehamel says, and he had to bolt back to the dock with the ice breaking free behind him and his co-worker trying to pull him in by the rope.

And that's not the only trouble the lake birds cause. When CA has to band the tiny swan babies, called cygnets, the workers also have to fend off the vicious parents.

"What seems like a graceful bird, just drifting listlessly by—those suckers are like cheetahs with feathers, they become avian Damiens," Rhodehamel remembers. "The male would attack one side of the boat and it's like you're being hit with a depth charge."

Often, the swans would tip the boat, dumping equipment and sputtering crew into the algae-filled lake, he says.

- After stepping in yet another dog pile on a stroll around Wilde Lake in 1981, a fed-up walker painted fluorescent orange on every heap of doggie-do he or she could find. The Revenge of the Phantom Poo-poo Painter, it was labelled.

- Even plastic animals provoke their share of guffaws. During Columbia's 20th birthday celebration, a huge

elephant float stole the show as it drifted along the parade route. However, parade organizers were horrified when they rounded the corner of Little Patuxent Parkway and headed toward the judging stand downtown. The elephant, it appears, was almost too large to fit under the overpass to the Mall, and was pummeled, pushed, and smushed underneath, recalls Dr. Henry Seidel, chuckling heartily at the memory.

- The joke around Owen Brown is, find out when the village picnic is, and don't plan an outside event that day, for it's sure to storm. Village manager Ruth Bohse can't even remember how many have been rained out, but does remember two years ago when whole tents blew away in a freak wind storm.

"Some people thought that was funny," Bohse says, resigned to her fate.

One year, she recalls, the National Guard was supposed to be in the village parade along with the tykes on bikes and politicos. They were late, so the parade started without them. The entourage was moseying up Windsharp Way when it was confronted with the National Guard—coming the other way—in full regalia.

- The Longfellow Fourth of July parade is always good for a laugh—either their drill team bearing buzzing Sears drills or their float with half-naked couples standing in bathtubs - "Save Water, Shower with a Friend," their signs proclaimed.

One year, recalls Claire Lea, co-owner of J.K.'s Pub and long time parade organizer, it was pouring

buckets on July 4. But to retain the parade's claim to continuity, the neighborhood convinced one poor soul to hop on his bike and pedal through the sheeting rain with Old Glory dripping on his handlebars.

- Rabbi Martin Siegel remembers one high holy service at Wilde Lake Interfaith Center when the packed auditorium panicked as the smoke alarm went off. Fire engines arrived to check the building, and Siegel climbed atop one of the Howard County ladder trucks and completed the service through its public address system for the Columbia Jewish Congregation gathered in the parking lot.

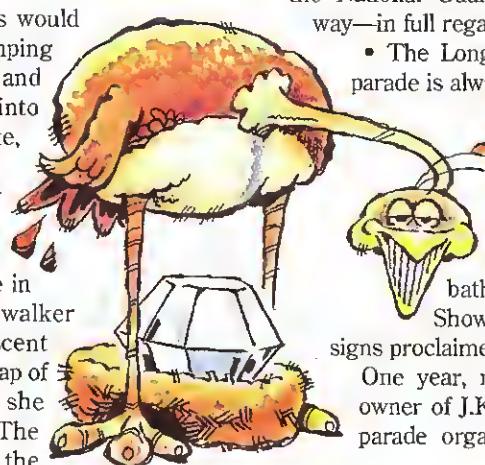
- The Mall in Columbia, always an amusing trip in itself, was



particularly hilarious in 1976. Not only did Sweden's King Carl Gustaf almost fall onto the 220-volt rails of the kiddie train, naked streakers wearing bags over their heads bolted through the aisles as shoppers giggled.

- Howard County Republicans paid \$25 a head in 1978 to hear Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater speak at Martin's West. They heard him alright, but not in person. The past presidential candidate couldn't make it, so they listened to a scratchy tape of Goldwater as they forked in their chicken surprise.

So find your funny bones, Columbia. Did you hear the one about the architectural review board?



Can an elephant fit under an overpass? Well, yes ...

How we got to be where we are today

Essay by Len Lazarick Illustration by Sherrill Cooper

So what was Howard County like before Columbia? How did the natives react to Jim Rouse's plan for the new city? What were the issues that inflicted the greatest growing pains?

How did a little sleepy old conservative rural county with southern sympathies and a very recent segregationist past become the home of a nationally-touted planned city filled with urban liberals, hippies, New Yorkers, Jews and uppity women and blacks?

It wasn't easy, especially in those early years. Kind of like a real life 'Green Acres' sitcom without the laugh track.

The Columbia that exists today seems inevitable and necessary, but it was neither. From the viewpoint of a land use planner, the town makes complete sense — smack dab in the middle of the Baltimore-Washington Corridor. But from a socio-economic point of view, Howard County seemed an unlikely host to this "better city, not just another suburb," as Jim Rouse, the Father of Columbia, proclaimed it in the 1960s.

It was a great sales job by Jim Rouse and his lieutenants, say the natives. What they sold the county was an environmentally sound solution to the county's encroaching suburban sprawl. What they got in addition to that was a social experiment, a town deliberately "economically diverse, multicultural, multifaith and interracial" as Rouse was fond of saying.

Fred Schoenbrodt, school board member from 1962 to 1978 and its president for most of that time, remembers that county leaders "bought it for the planning."

"Some of the old-timers saw a chance to make a nice chunk of money on their land," says Schoenbrodt. The social exper-



iment part, "that was never mentioned," he recalls, though it is clearly in Rouse speeches delivered outside the county. "Originally that was not featured anywhere," says Schoenbrodt.

Schoenbrodt, now 77, was part of that first wave of suburbanization that worried the county natives. In 1954, Fred, fresh back from the Korean War, and Marge Schoenbrodt moved into their Dunloggin home, one of the first suburban developments. "There weren't more than three or four homes on this street." Along came other developments like Dalton, Guilford Downs, and Allview Estates, leapfrogging down Route 29, then a two-lane state highway. "We were becoming part of megapolis," says Doris Stromberg Thompson, a native whose father was a powerful publisher and politician.

Then a member of the Planning Board, Thompson became one of the enthusiastic supporters of Columbia. "We felt it would help forestall rapid development of the rest of the county."

This leapfrog development was suburban homes on small lots mostly with wells and septic systems. Columbia was a way to grow without losing the rest of Howard County and its way of life. It didn't quite work out that way, but that's how they saw it then. "I got so excited about it," she recalls of the first presentation Rouse made about his plans.

It was important that people like Doris Stromberg Thompson got excited about the plans. They saw the change coming

and accepted it. Now they seem like stodgy old conservatives, but back then they were the liberal wing of the Democrats in Howard County.

So what was Howard County like before Columbia? James Clark Jr., descendant of the Scots-Irish brothers who settled Clarksville in the 18th century, recalls that when he got back from flying gliders in World War II, Howard County was "85% agrarian." That suited Jim Clark just fine. He had a degree in agriculture from Iowa State.

Postwar Howard County still had more than over 1000 farmers, in a population of barely 20,000. In the 80 years from the Civil War to World War II, it had gained barely 5,000 people.

When Rouse was buying the scores of farms that were to become Columbia, he didn't try to buy Clark's 540 acres at the northwest corner of Centennial Lane and Route 108. To other farmers in the area who were asking what they should do, "my advice was not to sell," says Clark, who was by then a state senator.

Phil and Doris Thompson were among the 140 landowners who did cash in. They sold their 120-acre parcel, but "we kept five acres" on which their 1959 rancher stood and where they raised their five daughters. What had once been a quiet little farm now sits between Berger Road and Snowden River Parkway where the cars stream by.

"We didn't have street names till the mid-'50s," Doris Thompson recalls. She remembers how the planning board

worked on street names to go on the new street signs for the many unnamed roads. "That was a quite a thing."

But street names were not the only thing the county didn't have before Columbia. Except for Main Street in Ellicott City, it had virtually no stores or entertainment. Shoppers went out Route 40 to Westview or Edmondson Village. Except for the numbered state roads, the streets were country byways. There were no interstates. The few professional offices were centered in Ellicott City and Elkridge. There were doctors but no hospital.

Population-wise, it did have Negroes, as they were called back then. They were mostly in small pockets, some living on land donated by their former masters, who also provided English last names for many of them. But the blacks were kept in their own places, like the Harriet Tubman High School on Freetown Road. They sat in segregated restaurants until demonstrations of the 1960s opened them up. It was considered an act of great political courage when Sen. Clark sponsored his Fair Housing Act.

Religiously, there had long been Catholics, like the Carrolls and the Strombergs, and Protestants, like the Clarks, but Jews, like store owner Sam Caplan in Ellicott City, were a rarity. Restrictive real estate covenants against blacks and Jews were not all that unusual back then.

"You could put all of Howard County - every man, woman and child - in Memorial Stadium," notes Fred Schoenbrodt. "When I got on the school board, we still had some two-room schools." The schools were desegregated only a couple of years before the first Columbians arrived. "We had some resistance from the educators."

Politically, the dominant Democrats were split between the conservatives and a progressive wing, led by Clark. Schoenbrodt, by then active in the PTA, ran for County Commissioner in 1962 on Clark's ticket with Thompson. They won the primary, but "the old line Democrats couldn't stand a newcomer and a woman."

That's how Rouse and his grand design came to face a Board of County Commissioners where two of the three members were Republicans.

Yet despite all this, the 14,000-acre Columbia venture won wide public support, and was approved after long, careful study.

In 1967, at Columbia's birth following a

continued on next page



The early years

continued from previous page

long public gestation, Howard County was still largely made up of natives who grew up there, still some steps behind the liberalized thinking and social disarray of the troubled urban centers so near it, yet fearing the onslaught of suburbia. To the rescue comes Rouse, a Baltimore developer who grew up in the small town atmosphere of the Eastern Shore, aided by a band of progressive architects, city planners, social scientists, health experts and economists.

This capitalist visionary and his utopian community was to attract a whole slew of hairy liberals, concerned about the decline of the city, racial inequality, religious intolerance, the plight of the poor, the desolation of the environment and the war in Vietnam. Culture shock.

The resentment of the new town started almost immediately. Because of an expensive concept called preservicing — providing amenities before the people were there to use them — Columbia was seen

as a clear case of haves and have-nots, and even from the most sympathetic perspective of Columbia, it represented some of the poorest planning and most unnecessary divisiveness that could have been conceived.

Columbia's planners, true to the city's progressive spirit, got Johns Hopkins to start the Columbia Medical Plan, a very newfangled health maintenance organization, and the Columbia Hospital and Clinics Foundation which was to house it. This held out the promise of a hospital for a county that still traveled to Montgomery County General or St. Agnes for emergencies and a hospital stay.

When the tiny 59-bed hospital opened in July 1973, you had to be a member of the Columbia Medical Plan, which was pretty much restricted to Columbians. This exclusion led to competing hospital plans by two Baltimore institutions, Lutheran Hospital, and Bon Secours. Both hospitals had their hoards and backers, had found Howard County sites and were doing fundraising here. Fred Schoenbrodt, then the school board president, recalls, "I had

to turn down invitations to both boards."

A county that could hardly support a single hospital had the competing attentions of three, all because the

Columbia hospital — as natives would call it for years after it changed its name — would not take them in. The state was the ultimate arbiter of who got a license and who didn't. But the three boards were at each other's throats for several years until the Columbia hospital, just a year after it opened, changed its policies and its name, becoming Howard County General Hospital, settling the dispute with Lutheran. Doris Thompson was the second chairman of the board.

Even after the change, there were countians who refused to use the new hospital. In one famous incident, a wife drove her heart-attack stricken husband miles into St. Agnes, rather than put him in an ambulance that would surely take him to Howard County General.

While Howard Countians saw themselves excluded from New Town amenities, Columbians found themselves being included against their will in high schools outside the town by a school board that

refused to fully implement the "Columbia plan." At the center of each village, along with shopping and community institutions, Rouse had planned a high school.

"I felt as far as elementary school was concerned, the neighborhood concept was fine," says Schoenbrodt. But putting new high schools on the periphery of Columbia, where both Columbians and countians would attend, was "the only thing that made sense... intermingling kids and parents."

Jimi Rouse and most Columbians were incensed. But after building high schools in Wilde Lake and Oakland Mills in the 1970s, the board chose to forego the Harper's Choice site, and build one on Centennial Lane. The high school site in Long Reach eventually was turned into ball fields as many Long Reach teens were shifted to Howard High.

"That was the one strong disagreement that Jim Rouse and I ever had," says Schoenbrodt.

The hurt and pain of the hospital spilled over into the 1974 election, only the third election under charter government. It was Columbia vs. the county at a high pitch.

The local newspapers at the time represented all points of view: the Central Maryland News, on the right, was edited by Bob Watson, the most anti-Columbia candidate for county executive; Doris Thompson's Howard County Times and Columbia Times staked out the moderate middle; and Zeke Orlinsky's Columbia Flier was the voice of the left wing New Towners.

The election pitted old Howard Countians, backers of Lutheran Hospital, resentful of Columbia's privileges against New Towners and suburbanites comfortable with Columbia.

"Columbia taught us what bloc voting was," remembers Charles Feaga, now a Republican council member.

Just 12 years after the county voters had rejected a Democratic slate that included a newcomer and a woman, they got six newcomers — an executive and five council members, including two women. Eight years later, campaigning countywide for a council seat in 1982, Feaga still found resentment. "I think there was just as much bitterness in Columbia as there was outside."

These old battles are now all ancient history. Talking to old-timers — natives and Columbians alike — it is like rubbing your finger over an old scar and remembering how the wound occurred. Time has healed

continued on page 29



getting all kinds of things the natives outside the fence didn't have, and perhaps didn't even want before they saw them.

It made little difference that many of the facilities — the pools, the roads, the community centers, the buses — were being paid for by the developer or added directly to the New Town debt to be paid off by residents through the CA lien.

Because of the rapid growth projected, new schools, paid for by the county, were being built immediately. Columbians were the haves; the natives were the have-nots.

Columbia vs. the County - that's the way you talked about it then - was most obvious at the polling booth. In 1972, outside Columbia, the countians went for Richard Nixon, and Columbians, organized by leftist feminists who grated on the male powerbrokers, could proudly put on the bumper stickers that said "Don't blame me; I voted for McGovern."

Perhaps the bitterest period was coming to a head in 1973 over the issue of the hos-

The early years

continued from page 26

remain will be buried in time as well. But you can still find native Howard Countians who were youngsters in Columbia's early years who still express some resentment and bitterness, even as they find themselves moving into Columbia to live or work.

The old-timers who welcomed Columbia from the start, and survived its contentious first decade, are largely positive.

"All in all, I'm rather proud with how it has grown," says Doris Thompson — not at all like the suburban sprawl she finds in Carroll County. She and husband Phil do get an occasional offer for their 5-acre homestead, now part of the surrounding industrial zone. "Jim Rouse always delivered when he promised something," says Thompson.

Chuck Ecker, an old Carroll County farm boy who became an associate superintendent of schools in 1974 and is now county executive, wishes Rouse had done even more. "I told Jim Rouse recently, 'It's a shame you didn't plan the whole county' ... We wouldn't have the growth problems we had in the mid '80s," says Ecker.

"We'd have a nice planned county."

"People in Howard County now feel very fortunate, that Columbia is here," says Charles Feaga.

"I'm satisfied that overall Columbia was a plus for the county," says Schoenbrodt, who saw all kinds of state and national attention lavished on the schools because of "the aura of Columbia."

Lillian Clark, the senator's wife, sums it up this way: "Columbia is just as good as Jim Rouse said it would be."

At first asking, Jim Clark, still the laconic farmer-politician, says, "I don't guess that it made a whole lot of difference in my life. I suppose it could have ended my political career, but it didn't work out that way. I was always ahead of my time."

But on second thought, looking out his window to Route 108 and its traffic lights, it did make at least one difference "by crowding these highways with so damn many cars."

And on that note, certainly anyone who's lived in Columbia and Howard County since the early 1970s can surely agree.

Len Lazarick, an editor for Patuxent Publishing, covered Columbia and Howard County for 13 years.

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What Columbia still needs ...

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Story by Susan Thornton

Illustrations by Wangdon Lee

Geez, you give some people an inch, a couple of tot lots and a village center and they'll take a mile.

For 25 years, the powers that be have told Columbia residents that this was their town, that they were creating their own model city. Well, Columbians took that well-intentioned propaganda to heart. The people of this city are demanding — like parents who say that a "B" is almost good enough — in a constructive way. And they're not afraid to speak their minds.

While Columbia is a great city, there are still deficiencies. Columbia Magazine asked the people on the street — or the cul-de-sac as the case may be — what this town still needs.

- "I wish we could have curbside pickup," sighs

Robin Thomas, as she struggles to lift her 4-year-old son David. David is pitching plastic detergent and soda bottles into the recycling truck at the Columbia Mall on a recent Monday. Most of the bottles bounce under the truck. "But I know they can't do it all at once," she laments pragmatically.

• With his dollar out for the bus, Adrian Phillips waits in the spring sun.

"It needs a gym," Phillips asserts. "A big recreation center. I have never been to a place without a gym," he says, shaking his head. For lifting weights and playing basketball, the CA facilities are just too expensive, he says.

• Sauntering out of the Long Reach Subway, Mark Steinbrunner stops to think about any dearth that Columbia might have.

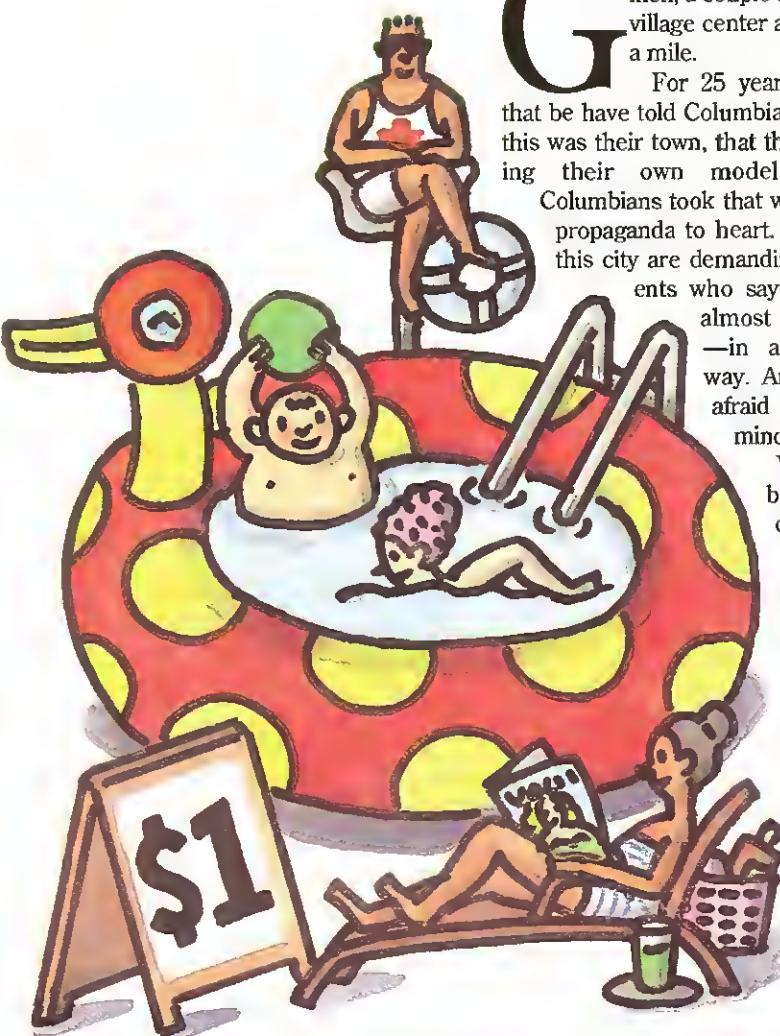
"It needs a centralized place for restaurants," he decides, something like a dining downtown.

• "I see a lot of kids just hanging out at the Mall," observes Krystal Thomas, leaning back against the steps of the Kittamaqundi Lakefront. Thomas works at the Mall, she says, and it's depressing to see them just lounging around. "Columbia needs some place for them to go."

And, she adds, warming to the question, "we need activities to get people involved in the environment and social issues."

• Winnie DeKoening, her white smock fluttering in the hairspray-scented air of Patrick's Hair Design, proclaims in her

continued on page 35



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Still needs

continued from page 32

German-thick voice that this new town needs a bit of the Old World.

"A European cafe," DeKoening says, would bring people together, inspire impromptu music and poetry performances and offer a place to relax. A cathedral would be nice, but, she concedes, that may be a bit optimistic.

- With towheaded 2-year-old Joshua and 4-year-old Emily firmly ensconced in a Giant grocery cart, Linda Kuykendall has a bone to pick.

"You pay this Columbia Association tax, and it doesn't even get you into the pools," Kuykendall says. It costs too much to take her family to the neighborhood watering holes on sweltering summer days — "\$20,"

Kuykendall says, aghast. Give me cheap pools, she says, or give me lower taxes.

- Competitive bikers can't hit the road in Columbia, says David Hindle, a self-avowed fitness nut and personal trainer at the Supreme Sports



Club. Bike paths, Hindle says, are too crowded with strollers and power walkers to hurtle along at 20 miles an hour. And many of the roads don't have any clear shoulder on which to ride.

And another thing, Hindle adds, single people are the round pegs in Columbia's square holes. This town is so family-oriented that singles feel left out, he says.

- It's not just singles, though. Benita Johnson, with a picnic spread on one of Lake Elkhorn's tables, says that everybody needs something to do in the p.m. hours.

"It needs an adult night life," Johnson says emphatically, then calls back her wandering 2-year-old Tonio. "Oh, and a better public transportation system."

- With a fistful of coupons, Frani Klein and her 10-year-old Lori are heading into the grocery store.

"Columbia needs more safe things for teens to do," she says, smoothing back

continued on page 37

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Still needs

continued from previous page

Lori's hair. "And less things for Mom to schlepp around to — fewer carpools."

- Crunching a Caesar salad in the American Cafe, Columbia Forum president Morris Keeton finishes chewing and says that this town needs more ethnic and racial diversity, especially among its leadership. And more affordable housing, Keeton adds, before he finishes his meal in peace.

- May Ruth and Henry Seidel aren't timid — they reel off what Columbia lacks.

"A more people-accessible downtown, not just the mall," May Ruth says. "A good transportation system. And Merriweather and Symphony Woods should be like a real downtown park.

More affordable housing mixed into the area."

"It does not need a major league ball team," Henry interjects.

"Columbia does need CA facilities that are more accessible to people who can't afford it," May Ruth continues.

"If you need to save money, look at what are the programs needed by the most people," Henry adds.

"And it needs a greater sense of civic responsibility," May Ruth concludes. They both stop, then take a breath.

The Columbia Voyage, a project of the Columbia Forum, is contemplating and debating many of these needs already, says former president May Ruth Seidel.

- Then again, there are satisfied Columbia customers.

Walking with her heavy hands around Lake Elkhorn, Leslie Hack shrugs.

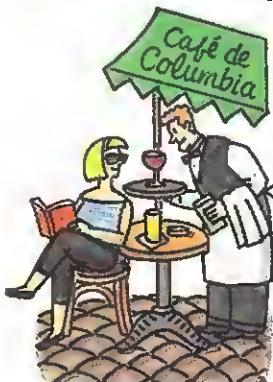
"We have a lot of things, we really don't have to leave," Hack says. "Maybe a zoo? Or more discount places so you're not so dependent on the mall. Otherwise it's a great place to live."

Others are more curmudgeonly. Puffing on his pipe in the spring sunshine, Philip Benjamin waits for the bus to take him and his small bag of groceries back to Vantage House, Columbia's downtown senior housing complex.

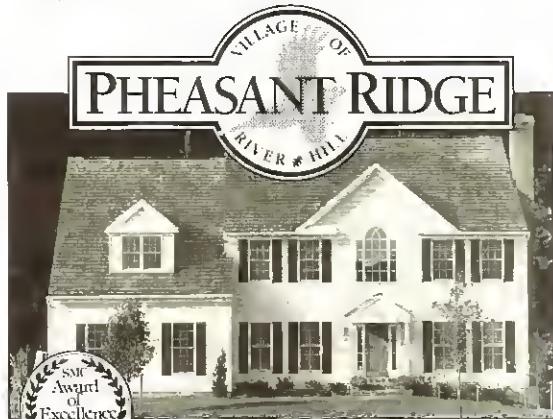
"It has everything, as far as I'm concerned," Benjamin mutters.

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The way we **WERE**

Story by Diane Brown Illustrations by Felicia Belair-Rigdon

Before there was a Columbia as we know it, there was at Route 29 and Route 108 a crossroad with a general store and post office known as Columbia.

As far as we know, that crossroad was instituted more than 170 years ago — and was a way west to Clarksville and east to the farmlands of Oakland Mills.

Years later, a new town would follow the lead of those who had lived in the area before it, and call itself Columbia, and that road would become a welcoming point for the newest residents of Howard County.

It may be stretching it to say that, with its modern technology, Columbia's pioneers were in the same league as pioneers who settled the Old West.

But it is certainly true that when they came here they were at various crossroads in their lives. They had chosen to live in a town that offered nothing but the promise of a better life — if they could get past the mud and the dust.

Those early Columbians had a vision that people of different races, ethnic groups and religions could live together. While that premise does not seem remarkable today, one must remember that Columbia's first residents moved here in 1967, a year before the federal government passed its open housing law.

Nicole Urquhart didn't know much about Columbia when she arrived in the summer of 1967 as one of Columbia's earliest residents — she was only 9 months old.

George Martin and his wife came because they believed in the "Columbia Dream" — that people could live together in harmony. George, now a deacon in the Catholic Church, saw a spiritual side to the new town — and continues to.

Jesse Johl and her husband came because they liked Columbia's melange of city and country. Their grown daughters remain in the town, and now there is a third generation of family.

And Miriam Mathews and her husband Bob both are native Howard Countians who saw Columbia's potential contributions to the county as good.

Twenty-five years later, several roads have been crossed, and for the pioneers whose stories we tell on the following pages, the general feeling is that Columbia is OK.

Coming of age

During the 1970s, Jesse Johl went wild.

"I was involved with the Women of Columbia and that was a way for the women here to get together and do something creative and so many of them were so talented and we did programs at Slayton House and Herb (her husband) was doing lighting and sound and there were lots of husband and wife teams and we did comedy skits and there were Karol and Jamie Hess and Dottie and Clark Brill and Duane and Lee Smith and Grace and John Nelson and these shows were really professional and there were a lot of people who came to Columbia and they had lots of talent and the men did 'Swan Lake' in tutus and every year we had a different theme and we did 'Singin' in the Rain' and we grew to be very, very close and ..."

Zooooom ...

"We did this one show where I had made some skin-toned T-shirts with big — ya know — and we did this strip-tease act and just at the end, we got down to, ya know, and we pulled off the shirt next to the T-shirt and the audience went 'Oh, my God!' like they were shocked and the lights went down right away and we were such brazen lassies."

Huff, puff, she takes a breath and laughs and answers the phone. "Sure, I'll continued on page 40

Family is paramount to Jesse, but there has always been plenty of room for high jinks and good times in her life collage.



continued from previous page

pick up Christina. Six o'clock. Sure, sure, no problem."

Christina is her granddaughter, who, at nearly 5, is the same age that Jesse's daughter Pam was when the family moved to Columbia nearly 25 years ago.

That's a part of her life that hasn't changed — she's still got her daughters right here in Columbia.

"Hmmmm," she knuckles her fingers at her chin. "I wonder if, 25 years from now, my daughters will be picking up their grandchildren from day care here in Columbia." Like she does. *Hmmmm ...*

In 1967, when Jesse and hubby Herb first put down roots here, Columbia was dubbed a "Garden for Growing People." Columbia's been true to its word — her family was planted here, blossomed and stayed.

Her daughters Pam and Janine were 5 and 7 when they came here, and Jesse was a relatively young transplant who had put money down on a place in Annapolis.

She was 37 then. She's 62 now.

She's come of age in Columbia. Ripened, let's say.

When Jesse came here, she was a schoolteacher, and gave that up to become the Columbia Association's booking coordinator, keeping Slayton House, The Other Barn and Kahler Hall hopping.

But, she acknowledges with a great big grin, she was a mother, first.

"I could see Columbia would be like living in the country in the city or like the city in the country.

"I was going to have the best of both worlds, I could hear the crickets and the birds, I had deer coming through here. My kids loved it.

"And years ago, Wilde Lake would freeze over and the kids could skate on it and I could stand in the back yard and see them and in the summer the kids could swim in the lake and we had picnics and parties for anyone moving in."

And Jesse and her family would sit on the roof of their house and watch the fireworks on the Fourth of July.

"And we could scoot away and have private nooks. We still live in the same house we started in, and now the grandchildren come here and we have a special place for them. See that table over there?"

Jesse is a special soul, who, as a young woman relished that the new city offered diverse opportunities for women. She worked for CA, she volunteered her time, she was a homemaker — and they all worked well for her.

But she was perhaps a little more traditional than some of those early Columbia women. She enjoyed having teas while feminists were burning bras.

She delighted in working on the Women of Columbia's next raucous production, while its antithesis, the Columbia Women's Center, was fostering dis-

She gingerly walked through the doors and signed up for an art class. They took her in. "But I couldn't take without giving something back."

So, she formed the center's arts and ceramics committee.

"It's therapy," says Jesse. "The senior center is so great for seniors. They don't think about their pain or what's happening to them. Now, I'm on the Senior Council (which promotes the center) and the Howard County Commission on Aging, and I'm concentrating on the center's art auction."

There were few senior citizens when Jesse moved to Columbia, but figures say that one-third of Columbia's population will be in their 60s by the year 2000. Maybe it's a good time to be older, to be a seasoned citizen.

Jesse looks at the lives of her children now and she sees them doing the same things the early Columbians did — she sees her daughters developing and growing, as she did.

"They live in a new area on a new street. They're greeting each other the same way we did. They're having babies. They're growing families ...

"You know, Herb and I were married for 40 years in April and we bought property at Ocean Pines because we thought we might want to retire there. But then we said, why do that? We like it here, and our children love it here.

"Nah, I don't think we'll leave."

Growing up

The little head beneath the helmet, with two long, thick braids blowing in the wind, was Nikki Urquhart's as she rode her motorbike over fields that one day would become the neighborhood of Clemens Crossing.

"I loved riding my little motorcycle over what are now houses," she smiles.

That was in 1975, and by then, Nikki was a veteran New Towner who had arrived in Columbia eight years before, at the age of 9 months. Columbia, like Nikki then, was an infant.

The Columbia of 1967 had one road in and one road out — Vantage Point. The Wilde Lake Village Center was mud.

continued on next page



cussion on finding oneself and how-to-start-a-career.

But Jesse's life of ease came to an abrupt halt after she suffered through three automobile accidents, which left her with degenerative ailments. Nine years ago, she had 18 vertebrae denervated.

It was then that she realized that she was getting older.

Jesse was hardly a senior citizen then, but she knew the days were numbered before she'd be heading for that great center called Florence Bain — so she did what came naturally. She joined as a kid of 53.

"I wanted it to be the kind of senior facility I'd be happy to visit, so, even though I knew I wasn't old enough, I decided to go to the Bain Center to see what I could do to help."

In Nikki's happy collage, her beloved Honda, her extended family who lived nearby and her love of the water bring back memories of her special Columbia childhood.



continued from page 42

people gathered together to worship," he says. "It's simply a 'congregation.' "

Columbia was a medium for change, and Catholics here were ready for it. With Vatican II a force in their lives, they were beyond the traditional and pushed to the edge of the new-allowable.

Catholics here were praising that they could become a part of a brand new interfaith concept. Catholics here, unlike others in the world, would now share space with worshipers whose religious traditions were diametrically opposed to theirs. It was a new religious order.

"I was ready for the interfaith concept," says George. "It was about teaching each other. We had the resources and the gifts to take advantage of the closeness of each other. And being in the same building, we had to work with each other — or at least, talk to each other."

Talk, they did, and one of the early conclusions was that the interfaith community shouldn't worry about ownership.

"We shouldn't say, 'This is my building, my possession,'" says George, "but rather, this is our place where we come to worship."

George also sees the centers as an environmental plus. "If we each had separate congregations, we would have 14 free-standing buildings and 14 parking lots. Having four (at Wilde Lake, Oakland Mills, Long Reach and Owen Brown), we've lessened the environmental impact."

Still, he acknowledges almost sadly, "quite a few people didn't care to meet in the interfaith center. Some said, 'No way,' and went other places to worship.

"It did take a sense of adjustment."

The new town was full of people who were aware of what they wanted the town's spiritual life to be, George says.

"Many of the good things that happened in Columbia — the fact that Columbians got to know each other and cared for each other" — came out of spirituality, George insists.

On fingers, he lists the good things: The Friendship Exchange, the Howard County Memorial Foundation, the Chaplaincy program, the Columbia Cooperative Ministry, the Clergy for Social Justice, the meditation group, the Clown Ministry ... the idealism.

And, there were the Living Room Dialogues of '68 and '69. "Lutherans, Episcopalians, Eastern-rite Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians got together

just to talk," George says.

And there were public faith-to-faith sessions, with a priest, minister and rabbi in more structured dialogue.

"And some years ago, I got to meet Akil Rahim, a Muslim leader in Columbia — and I don't think I would have met him in any other setting."

George seems to miss those early days when most Columbians knew each other and lived as Christ admonished — simply, he says.

"People were accepted for who they were instead of what kind of car they

A changing lifestyle

Nobody who really knows her calls her Miriam. Mimi Mathews — that's what they call her. The alliteration rolls smoothly off the tongue.

She's a native Howard Countian. She predates Columbia by 25 years.

She lived here for 19 years, from '68 to '87, and she remembers the old days, the good days, the rotten days, the great times.

Mimi was — and is — a scrapper. She's never taken life lying down, and wouldn't consider giving in even for a moment — not even when she found her life in sudden flux. Her marriage ended, a job she loved would be no more, people who respected her turned against her — temporarily, anyway.

But, we're getting ahead of ourselves.

Mimi's father, up there on Lawyer's Hill in Elkridge, where she was born, told her back in those bad old days when Howard Countians wouldn't give a Columbian the time of day, that Columbia would ruin the county.

No, she didn't move here to prove a point. She moved here because she wanted to.

"Bob (that's her estranged husband, Howard County's former police chief) and I looked at this place and said, 'Wow, this is the sort of thing that pioneers going west did,' " settling new territory, establishing new towns. "Columbia was small, it had new concepts, it had new people from all over the country and all over the world.

"And the beauty of the town — well, Wilde Lake, 'cause that's all there was," she laughs, "was that you got to know everybody."

Bob and Mimi were the old kids on the new block. They were a bridge between Old Howard County and Brand New Columbia.

And Mimi jumped in full force.

It was opening a checking account that eventually led to Mimi's appointment as vice president of Columbia Bank and Trust. Barbara Slayton, an officer at CB&T, asked her if she wanted a job as a teller.

continued on next page

A man of faith

The new town was full of people who knew what they wanted the town's spiritual life to be.



drove or where they lived or how they dressed, their family or background. It was a place to grow, instead of just a place to live," as he believes newer-comers see it now.

"We reached out more — maybe because there were fewer people. Today, people seem so busy, so stressed."

George ponders that thought for a moment. There is a sigh.

"I feel we're all called to be holy," George says, "whether we're Catholic or Jew or Protestant or Muslim. I believe we're called to be whatever God wants us to be."

"Once, years ago," George recalls, "a person from outside Columbia was speaking of the religious community here, and he said, 'See how they care for each other, see how they love each other....'"

Mimi's collage shows her childhood home on Lawyer's Hill in Elkridge. In Columbia, she found a job she loved — but then her world came crashing down.





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A new lifestyle

The merger of Columbia Bank with Equitable, says Mimi, was probably the worst time in her life.



"But the thing I liked most about banking was the people," says Mimi. "You get to know everything about them. You see their happiness, their sadness, their births, deaths, graduations, when the kids go to college . . ."

In 1974, she was made a vice president of the bank, overseeing 80 employees and deposits of \$52 million. She worked in customer relations and with the board of directors. She had grown up with CB&T.

So, when the merger with Equitable occurred in 1982, she was not prepared for the hostility from her fellow Columbians.

"People threw things at the bank workers," says Mimi. "I couldn't shop anywhere in Columbia. Everywhere I'd go, people wanted to talk about the merger. And I didn't have all the answers because there were no answers to be had."

The merger of Columbia Bank with Equitable, says Mimi, was probably the worst time in her life. She subsequently was transferred to Woodlawn, then left Equitable altogether. In 1987, she had a year-long stint with First American Bank as an assistant vice president. But Mimi still was not satisfied, and in '88, decided it was time to try something different.

Mimi's job with a home improvement company taught her to build decks, put in kitchens and bathrooms, lay hardwood floors and paint.

The 16 decks she laid helped her build a few muscles. "I figured I could proba-

PHOTO BY DAVID HOBBY

bly go to Redskins camp, because I was in such great shape."

Then, in 1990, she took on a new challenge, running Mike Chiuchiolo's successful campaign for sheriff of Howard County. He won with the highest vote percentage of any candidate in the general election.

"I believe in politics," says Mimi, then grins, "you never know where that could take me in the future."

The Longfellow 4th of July just cracks her up. "I love it!" she enthuses. "It's like what I remember on Lawyer's Hill, with all our little bikes and streamers and turtle races ..."

Mimi and Bob used to live in Longfellow, just beyond the WaWa store that used to be there. She loved the softball games and the looney-tunes who belonged to the Longfellow Friends of the Traditional Fourth.

She misses the spirit of the "old" Columbia, and doesn't have a lot of patience for the new.

"I remember the underground parties and the overpass parties"—parties that people gave themselves whenever a new road structure went up.

"I remember the 'happy hours' we had every Friday night at Bryant Gardens Apartments. And the baseball parties.

"I remember when people looked out for each other and for things that were important.

"Complacency has set in," she laments. "St. John's used to be the most active congregation in Columbia," says Mimi, who also has a degree qualifying her to become a deacon in the Episcopal Church, "but I don't see that now. I don't see people fighting for things they believe in."

Mimi lives in Ellicott City now and works as the marketing manager for a private investigation firm. Akin, you might say, to the work her husband, Bob, did here.

"I remember this day, near Wilde Lake dam, when this mother and her ducklings were going across Little Patuxent Parkway," Mimi says. "Bob stopped the traffic, and the next day (Columbia's founder) Jim Rouse sent him a book, 'Make Way for Ducklings.' Only in Columbia would you allow this kind of thing to take precedence."

The last time Mimi saw those ducks was at the 7-Eleven in Bryant Woods.

The 7-Eleven there shut down a few years ago.

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continued from page 42

she was. "At Keough, the kids told me that they had to be home before the street lights came on. And I wondered what street lights were."

She also learned what a brat she was. "Columbia kids find it so easy to take because we've always been given so much," she says in retrospect. "Most of us have never had to struggle."

Nikki learned about struggle when she was out of the Columbia scene, and more into the Baltimore scene, when she met kids who were significantly poorer than she was.

"I wanted to live at North and Eutaw, in Baltimore," she says. "In high school,

I just couldn't wait to get out of Columbia."

But she quickly learned that living in Columbia had taught her so much. Especially when it came to interacting with people of different backgrounds.

"When I went to the University of Pittsburgh, I saw that the cafeteria was divided in thirds: blacks, whites and foreigners. And the whites hated the blacks and the blacks hated the Hispanics and the Hispanics hated the Asians."

"It really bothered me to see the hatred on the basis of the color of skin. In Columbia you were free to do what you wanted to, and didn't have to worry about prejudice."

"Living in Pittsburgh and later in Silver Spring has really made me appreciate it here. I really wanted to come back here."

She's back. She's 25. She's a commercial real estate appraiser. And she has a new condo in Dorsey Hall.

No, after 25 years here, she doesn't think that Columbia is the "next America," as it's purported to be. "It's not reality," she says, "it's not the way things are everywhere else."

But, overall, says Nikki, "It's where I want to be."

**"Columbia
kids find it
so easy
to take
because we
have always
been given
so much."**

Nikki Urquhart





25 who made a difference

James Rouse

**The man responsible
for it all: his vision
for a "rational" city**

Before there was a here, Columbia's centuries-tilled soil seemed ripe to sprout rows of suburban boxes on half-acre lots. But James Rouse envisioned instead a garden plot for people: a "rational" city, with school, church, work, shops built into the design.

Rouse, an Easton lad, had already made a name for himself and his company by financing home mortgages after World War II. In 1958, Rouse built the country's first privately owned indoor shopping mall, at Harundale.

In the 1960s, after Rouse and colleagues slyly bought land, won zoning approval and plotted the new town, Columbia began to emerge loopwise through the soil. Rouse marveled that anyone was surprised at his calculation, which he called "just the obvious, right way to develop all that goes on in a city."

As Columbia grew, Rouse moved company headquarters here, and pioneered the "festival" marketplaces that revitalized Baltimore's inner harbor, Boston's Faneuil Hall, and other city sites. Retiring at 65 like all his employees, Rouse left the prosperous Rouse Company in the hands of capable successors.

Since 1981, James Rouse and his wife Patricia have been building the Enterprise Foundation, a nationwide concern toiling towards the Rousian goal of providing fit, safe, and affordable housing for all of the nation's poor.

Margaret Guroff

As we celebrate what we are today — at the quarter century mark in Columbia's history — it is fitting that we give credit to those who have shaped our city. And so we decided to spotlight 25 whose contributions in community service, the arts, business, government, education, religion and recreation have made an impact on our lives.

It wasn't easy. Given the same task, no two people in the city would have come up with the same list. Although there were some obvious choices, (Jim Rouse foremost among them) it was often impossible to choose one person over another.

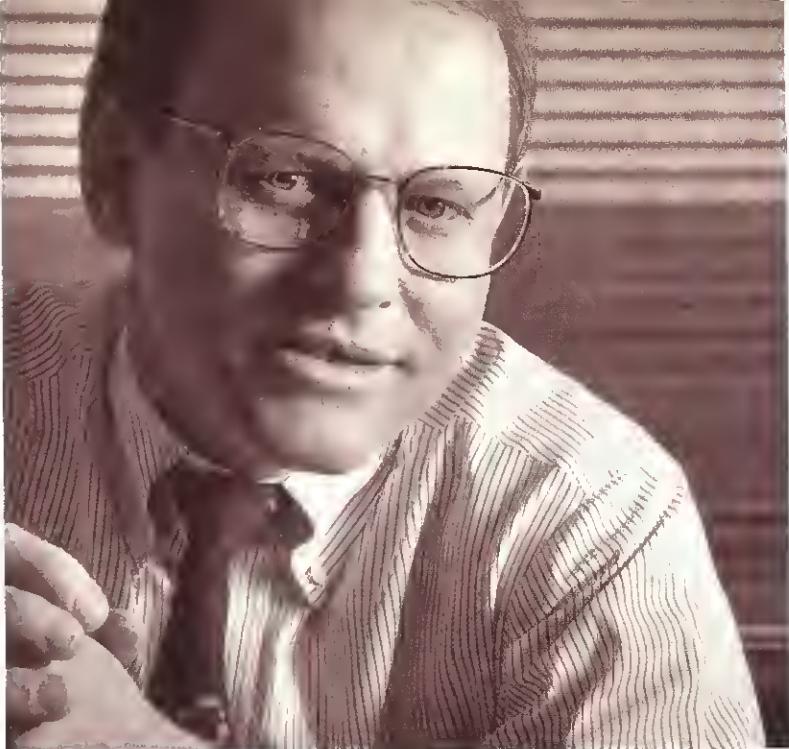
Then too, 25 was hardly a large enough number to allow us to give credit to all those who have made a difference to our city and its institutions.

In many cases, those we have chosen are representative of others who have made similar contributions. They also represent the character and spirit — the very ethos of the city.

Sometimes as volunteers, sometimes as professionals, they unleashed their talent and energy on the new city. When they saw a problem, they sought a solution. If there was a need, they searched for a way to fill it. When they had a dream, they followed it.

And for their efforts, we are in a better place.

Susan Connell



Paul Shoffeitt

From an impetuous beginning, a "wonderful" institution for New Town

They were young, terribly young, with fresh, misty faces and fresh psychology Ph.D.s, so when — over a 1971 Wilde Lake beef-house dinner — they hit upon a new kind of mental health center for their new town, the four acted impetuously.

"Lynn said, 'Let's do this thing,'" recalls her husband, Paul Shoffeitt. "We literally went out to the pay phone, called the Rouse Company, and asked for Mr. Rouse," whom they had never met. Learning his whereabouts, the Shoffeitts and friends Tom and Margaret Ferguson zipped across town and snagged Rouse walking out the door.

They described their brainstorm — a network of professional psychologists, each volunteering a few hours weekly for friendly, in-home counseling — and Rouse responded with an impetuous start-up grant of \$10,000, for what became the Family Life Center. Lynn Shoffeitt, who died in 1987, was the center's first director.

The Family Life Center grew into the county's largest provider of mental health services, spinning off such agencies as Careerscope, Hospice Services of Howard County, and the Children of Separation and Divorce Center.

"It's just been a wonderful institution," says Paul Shoffeitt. And its success, he says, "derives from the fact that it was quickly claimed by the community."

Margaret Guroff

Padraic Kennedy

**Columbia Association
chief moved from one
New Frontier to another**

Neither mayor nor CEO, factotum nor figurehead, Padraic Kennedy celebrates two decades as president of the Columbia Association this year. As such he's the one who has been responsible for doling out all those assessment dollars for recreation facilities and civic projects.

His executive background comes not from corporate America, however, but from years with the Peace Corps and its domestic counterpart, Vista. Some say that if there's anyone who stands for what living in Columbia is all about, it is he.

When Kennedy came on

board, they continue, he changed CA from a facility-oriented to a people-oriented organization, introducing sliding scale fees, earn-a-membership programs and the popular Package Plan. He also saw that meetings, previously closed, were opened to the public.

Some connect his name with controversy — witness the water slide, horse center, Allview Golf Course — of which he was reminded at a recent "roast." But although the heat's been on, Kennedy hasn't been turned off. He hopes to stay on as CA chief "as long as it's interesting, as long as it's fun."

Lane Page





PHOTO BY MILBERT ORLANDO BROWN

Eva Anderson

Most gracious and graceful: a teacher, dancer and role model

Eva Anderson is dance in Columbia.

As a choreographer, teacher, director, musician, costume designer and role model, this gracious lady (who speaks with a hint of her native South Carolina in her voice) has had a tremendous influence on the African-American community and on Columbia as a whole.

A spiritual woman who collects dolls of the slavery era, she believes, "dance is for everyone." Nearly every dancer in our area has trained with the longtime Columbian. Her proteges include modern dancers, Broadway hoofers and Columbia's "Disco King" John Taylor, himself.

Anyone who has ever watched her on stage — especially at the Columbia Lakefront celebrations — can appreciate her special talent.

Now 59, Anderson has traveled all over the world with her company, which will perform in the Columbia Festival for the third consecutive year.

Carolyn Kelemen

Ruth Keeton

Peacemaker, tree savior and politician with a heart

At Ruth Keeton's birthday and retirement party in 1989, James Rouse fumbled for words.

"How do you toast an angel?" he asked the 350 uplifted faces gathered to laud Keeton as she stepped down from the County Council after 14 years. "Every malfunction of our social system is her concern."

Tree savior, affordable housing prophet and tenacious Messiah of community, Keeton began her work for Columbia on the Harper's

Choice Village Board, then moved through the Columbia Council to the County Council. Renowned for her political peacemaking, Keeton stepped down when her memory began to fade from Alzheimer's.

"Columbia is the kind of community," Keeton said at her '89 party, "where we've become old hands at working together — for our future, for our grandchildren's future."

Husband Morris Keeton, former provost of Columbia's branch of Antioch College, picked up Ruth's sword. He now brandishes his gentle leadership as head of the Columbia Forum.

Susan Thornton



PHOTO BY MILBERT ORLANDO BROWN



PHOTO BY PAUL ABEL

Zeke Orlinsky

**The man who has
always delivered
hometown news**

In the beginning there was no newspaper. But it wasn't long before Columbians found as many as 11 competing publications of varying degrees of sophistication accumulating in a pile each Thursday night.

Zeke Orlinsky's modest Columbia Flier, originally a mere two-page shopper run on a veritype machine, ultimately beat the competition. The Flier is now the flagship paper of Patuxent Publishing Co., which produces 13 weekly newspapers, eight neighborhood directories, two

magazines and several other publications.

In those early days, though, it was no small thing to leave behind a legal career to devote oneself to all aspects of the paper's production, even personally delivering a copy to each of Columbia's 2,000-plus households.

His goal was to give Columbians a vehicle for communicating with each other about what was going on here. Feedback indicates it did — and does.

Orlinsky took another direct role in shaping Columbia as

one of the first elected members of the CA board, representing the village of Wilde Lake. In those days, "he wasn't this laughing fellow," recalled Jim Rouse at a 1987 CA reunion, but "the guy we feared the most."

Today, the weekly publisher's notes Orlinsky writes in his flagship newspaper variously reflect, reinforce and/or infuriate the community, but he'll always defend your right — and his own — to have a say.

Lane Page



PHOTO BY DAVID HOBBY

Anita Iribé

Convinced that Jim Rouse had a good idea, this activist lobbied to gain acceptance for Columbia

Anita Iribé was present at the creation.

Not Genesis by God, but genesis by Rouse.

Iribé, a Highland resident and influential president of the League of Women Voters in the 1960s (and president again today), smelled Columbia coming into her rural county. After cautiously checking out the Rouse proposal, Iribé

threw her support in with city's architects.

A fixture at late-night zoning hearings for the birth of Columbia, Iribé lobbied Howard County's dubious farmers and suburbanites to accept the new town. Iribé later helped shape this city on the planning board from 1974 to 1979 and aid its citizens as a member of the social services board.

"When I think about what would exist in this area without Columbia — wall-to-wall bedroom county," Iribé says thankfully. "There's no getting around the fact that there's no substitute for vision."

Susan Thornton



Alfred Smith

Laying the foundation for an innovative institution

Many Columbians are undoubtedly familiar with the Smith Theatre at Howard Community College because they've been there to see a play or listen to a concert. But not every member of those audiences may be as familiar with the man for whom the theatre is named.

Alfred J. Smith was proud to call himself HCC's "founding president." Hired in 1968, when the local college was nothing more than a consultant's report and a construction contract for a single building, Smith presided over HCC with a clear vision — and some say an iron hand

— until his retirement in 1980.

Although his management style occasionally ruffled feathers among faculty members and county government leaders, HCC's first president was widely credited with shaping the college into an innovative, student-centered institution that rapidly expanded to meet local needs.

Thanks in no small measure to the foundation Smith laid, HCC continues to serve residents well, whether they enroll full-time in degree-granting programs or sign up for credit-free courses strictly for fun.

Lynne Salisbury

Jean Moon

A woman for all seasons, she knows her city well

Dynamic as the swirling colors of her dress, Jean Moon has obvious energy enough for her roles as Patuxent Publishing Company general manager, member of various local civic boards and all-round Columbia maven.

Bo may know sports, but Moon knows Columbia.

Arriving here with her family among the second wave of pioneers, Moon has spent two decades with PPC, beginning as a freelancer and quickly moving into editorial and managerial roles. Her special interests in arts

coverage and in photography and graphic treatment have come to distinguish the 13 award-winning weekly newspapers, eight directories and two magazines the company now produces.

Even as she has aimed to make Patuxent's publications unique and indispensable to the communities they serve, Moon has given them plenty of activities to cover, co-founding the Howard County Poetry and Literature Society, instructing women's studies at Howard Community College, serving as executive committee member and next president of the Columbia Festival of the Arts, and board member and past president of the Columbia Foundation.

Lane Page

PHOTO BY CHUCK WEISS

Tom Goedeke

His leadership transformed the nature and quality of public education

Columbia's schools have open space pods instead of enclosed classrooms, media centers instead of libraries, partitions instead of walls — thanks mainly to one man.

In fact, although he made his home in Turf Valley, M. Thomas Goedeke was in many ways a New Town pioneer. He took on the leadership of the county schools in 1968, when Columbia was still in its infancy, and presided over a period of unparalleled growth in the system.

Thirty new schools — most of them in Columbia — were built while he was superintendent.

Goedeke also helped change the nature and quality of public education here. Before he came to the county, experts found its schools both physically shabby and academically flabby. By the time he retired, in 1984, the system was already beginning to enjoy an enviable reputation statewide and beyond.

Goedeke now lives in Baltimore and is vice chairman of the board of Blue Cross-Blue Shield of Maryland. He is also the proud grandfather of 5-year-old triplets.

Lynne Salisbury



PHOTO BY DOUG KAPUSTIN

Norm Winkler

**Impresario extraordinaire
and guiding force**

If anyone personifies the artistic soul of Columbia, it is Norman Winkler, impresario extraordinaire and the guiding spirit behind Candlelight Concert Society, one of the nation's premier chamber music subscription series.

"The arts are not only valuable in themselves, they make life worth living," said Winkler 15 years ago. "I thought everybody knew that, but they don't."

From his earliest days as a Wilde Lake pioneer, Winkler, a flinty 67-year-old retired Army personnel aide, immersed himself in his new hometown, dabbling first in local politics. His abiding passion for music flowered in 1975 when he and his wife, Nancy, took over the operation of a money-losing evening chamber music series run by CA and turned it into a stunning success.

The Winklers made Candlelight a full-time family hobby, working out of their Birches home side by side with a team of 60 volunteers. Theirs was a felicitous partnership: Nancy enjoyed tending to the administrative details behind the scenes, while Norman took center stage, irascible as ever, badgering Columbians to make great music as much a part of New Town life as tot lots and paths. And they did.

With Nancy's death three years ago, the joy went out of Norman's life. Last year, he suffered a heart attack and vowed to fulfill a personal pledge to retire this year — and travel, listen to jazz and enjoy his six grandchildren.

The Winklers left an indelible mark on their town. More to the point, they made Columbia a stop on the touring schedule of the world's best chamber musicians. Not bad for a couple of amateurs.

Fran Fanshel



PHOTO BY ED BURYAN

Bill Jefferson

Lending a hand to the city's small businesses

It's a good thing William Jefferson had vision.

Back in 1967, looking at a mud pile on the former Wilde Lake Village Green, Jefferson had to envision not only what the first community bank would look like in this spanking new town (and concept) called Columbia, but whether it could succeed.

"I trained myself to forget the failures," he jokes. "Columbia was founded on the proverbial shoe string, so I had to set a positive attitude where I could."

As president of Columbia

Bank & Trust, that positive outlook meant loans to start-up businesses that other banks considered risky, like the Columbia Flier.

Says Jefferson, "I had to show my faith in the community," which he did for 15 years. "I grew with Columbia." Jefferson's views on life and social issues evolved because of the new town.

Today Jefferson makes the rounds, visiting people in nursing homes as part of his duties as an ordained deacon in a "little church in Elkridge."

Jefferson was led to the ministry because "I got such a joy out of helping people. I was indebted to them for coming to me to do business that I thought I owed something back."

Jacqueline Burrell



PHOTO BY PAUL ABEL



Louise Eberhardt

For her, the issue was women's changing roles

Though Columbia residents may have been better educated than the general population, in the late 1960s women here were just as interested in consciousness-raising as anywhere else.

Louise Eberhardt was the one to get it done.

Hired by the Columbia Cooperative Ministry in 1969 to plan new social structures in the New Town, she was drawn to women's issues and organized a small discussion group to deal with them.

From one group to many, the Women's Center was born, with Eberhardt as coordinator, a small staff and 100 volunteers. Drop-in programs ran three times weekly.

One more of the needs it met for Columbia's pioneer moms was childcare: participants' little ones played while their moms expanded their horizons down the hall.

Special "Days for All Women" offered workshops and nationally known guest speakers.

The Women's Center closed in 1980, not so much needed as women learned to develop themselves and achieve their own agendas.

Today, Eberhardt, come almost full circle, offers diversity workshops studying racism and sexism through her Hart Performance Group.

Lane Page

Dick McCauley

**Among his contributions
to the city, an open door
policy for CA**

Leo Durocher was wrong.
Nice guys don't finish last.

Take Richard G. McCauley. McCauley grew up in Baltimore, where he attended Gilman School. He went on to attend Williams College and earn a law degree from the University of Virginia. In 1965, he joined Piper & Marbury, then working with the Rouse Co. in creating Columbia.

In 1969, McCauley and his wife, Jane, moved to Columbia. With small children, says McCauley, "we wanted to raise our family in an integrated community" and be able to "send our children to first-rate public schools."

Jane McCauley established Columbia's first Montessori school. Her husband headed an early childhood learning study for the new town.

In 1970, McCauley objected to the Columbia Association's policy of closed door meetings. He asked Jim Rouse to change it.

In 1971, he was hired by Jim Rouse as vice president and general counsel of the Rouse Co. From 1972 to 1982, he served on the CA board he helped open. He was president of the Columbia Foundation from 1987 to 1989, heading a \$1.2 million endowment drive. He helped create the Columbia Festival of the Arts.

Has Columbia lived up to its early promise, to be a good place to live, work and raise a family? "We all know it's not perfect, but the answer has to be an unequivocal yes," says McCauley.

John N. Rogers



PHOTO BY PAUL AEBI



PHOTO BY JEFF HOLT

Felix Rausch

**From his living room
emerged Columbia's
number one sport**

Since that first meeting was held in Felix Rausch's living room in the fall of 1971, youth soccer in Columbia has blossomed into the New Town's number one sport.

Rausch, who had grown up on the game in Germany, had a simple objective: get kids playing soccer.

Along with Doug Goodsir, Bill Sim and Jim Yedlicka, Rausch organized the first weekend soccer tournament in Columbia, set a budget of \$500 and drew up a one-page list of bylaws.

Three years later — and after looking for volunteers by "talking to anyone who'd listen," he says — Rausch handed over the reigns of what later became the Soccer Association of Columbia. He had planted similar seeds in Georgia towns of Smyrna and Marietta before moving to Maryland in 1970.

Now, 21 years later, SAC has about 180 teams and 3,000 players under the age of 19. Its operating budget is about \$160,000.

And it has a reputation for producing some of the finest players in the nation.

Scott Huelskamp

sure knows this. From 1980 to 1990 she served as president of the Columbia Birthday Celebration, taking it from its modest beginnings to the three-day bash it is today.

Ironically enough, the annual fair evolved from what was supposed to be a one-time-only 10th anniversary Columbia birthday celebration in 1977. Brown, who has lived in Columbia since 1970, was involved in the first celebration as a craftsperson.

"I thought it was such a great idea for an annual event I got on the committee," she explains. Three years later, she became president of the event, coordinating it from its former office in the now-defunct Exhibit Center.

These days, the old Exhibit Center office is gone and Brown works for the county government.

But each summer Columbians gather at the city fair, thanks to Maggie Brown's ideas, determination and vision.

Columbian Maggie Brown

Maggie Brown

**For years she headed
a fair to remember**

The annual Columbia City Fair may seem like it just happens to spring up naturally each June, but a lot of hard work goes into making the 15-year-old event such a festive occasion.

Columbian Maggie Brown

PHOTO BY ED BURMAN



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Tony Scialfani



PHOTO BY TERESA HURT

Hank Majewski

For 18 years,
he ran the course
and promoted the sport

In 1967, Hank Majewski became director of the first recreation facility operated by the Columbia Association, Hobbit's Glen Golf Course.

The course was already under construction when Majewski, then 26 and the assistant pro at the Baltimore Country Club, moved his family here in July. Majewski also served as director at the popular public Allview Golf

Course (it closed in 1984), but for the most part his first year on the job here involved promoting the brand new, 18-hole course farther west on Rt. 108 in the new city of Columbia.

During his 18-year tenure, Majewski made sure that Columbia was an attractive place to play golf. And for 10 years, Hobbit's Glen hosted one of the largest tournaments

in the state. It was also a popular stop along the Mid-Atlantic professional golf tour.

In 1985, Majewski left Columbia and Hobbit's Glen. He now owns Wakefield Valley Golf Club in Westminster, and lives there with his wife, Sally. And he can certainly take some of the credit for popularizing the sport of golf in Columbia.

Jim Edwards



Rabbi Martin Siegel

Searching for the city's soul; hopes for shaping an enlightened community

For Rabbi Martin Siegel, Columbia is embroiled in a holy war.

"Columbia is a place where the original idealists set the tone, but there's a struggle between the utopians and the suburbanites," says Siegel, leader of the Columbia Jewish Congregation.

"And the suburbanites have overwhelmed the utopians. Columbia was originally founded on a sort of religious vision. And there's stress between the idealistic vision and the practical reality."

Religion can harness the energy to shape an "enlightened community," Siegel says. And energy it takes for Siegel, a co-founder of the Clergy for Social Justice, co-chair of the Maryland AIDS memorial, leader of HERO's bereavement committee and head of an outreach program with Baltimore City Schools.

Siegel arrived in Columbia in 1972, to create a Jewish congregation, "one that would grow from within itself."

Columbia has a sound body — houses, parks, libraries, pools — but it needs its soul revived, Siegel says.

Susan Thornton



John Brandenburg

Keeping New Town affordable for all

What started in 1972 as an ecumenical effort to house Columbia's poor had, by 1979, begun to crumble. Interfaith Housing Corporation owned 350 units of subsidized housing, but rents just barely covered staff salaries, leaving no money to replace deteriorating doors, fences, insulation, and appliances.

Enter Columbia Councilman Roy Appletree, the executive director who saved Interfaith — now Columbia Housing Corporation — with adept

management that earned the company a million-dollar federal bailout to fund the necessary repairs.

In 1983, Appletree resigned, and John Brandenburg took over as president. During Brandenburg's nine years in office, CHC grew from a property management company into a non-profit developer. Brandenburg resigned this winter, to seek other challenges.

He left behind a strong corporation. Besides owning and managing more than 400 low-cost units, CHC is a partner in a new mixed-income complex in Elkridge. The company has also devised a variety of housing financing schemes, including an equity-sharing arrangement that helps low-income families buy houses, while supporting a revolving loan fund.

The money from that fund is at work in Columbia, keeping the new town affordable to a wide range of citizens.

Margaret Guroff

Henry and May Ruth Seidel

Columbia's conscience, from housing to health

One of May Ruth Seidel's favorite expressions is "dipping a tablespoon into the ocean."

Impelling improvement is what she and her husband, Dr. Henry Seidel, have attempted in the sea we call Columbia. Henry, M.D., came to Columbia in 1970 to direct the opening of the fledgling

Columbia Medical Plan. Though he left the plan in 1973, he's still in search of better health care, and volunteers his pediatric care to Johns Hopkins.

Not content to unpack boxes when they arrived in the New Town, May Ruth began her own volunteer crusade — League of Women Voters, Columbia Housing Corporation, Association of Community Services, Transportation Task Force.

To help bring more affordable housing to the area, she co-founded the Howard County Housing Alliance.

Since 1980, May Ruth has focused her zealous attention on the Columbia Forum, which she helped establish, and the Voyage.

"I wanted to do something to let people know that this is a special place," Seidel explains.

Susan Thornton



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Claire and John Lea

Cheers to the publicans

who know our names

With its daily regulars and cozy fire, J.K.'s Pub was long ago adopted as Columbia's cooperative living room.

The owners and chaperones — John and Claire Lea — opened "September 27, 1978," Claire laughs, when Wilde Lake Village Center was the "wilderness."

Neighbors stopped by the potential bar to help tear down walls and put up paneling, Claire explains, so they felt they had an "emotional investment" in the place.

"The pub is a natural extension of what Columbia's neighborhood is," John says. "We were Cheers before there was a Cheers."

Modeled on the English pub, the Lea's darkened bar has been the site of this town's happenings — weddings, real estate deals, impromptu political pow-wows and raucous neighborhood galas.

Bartender Jerry, waitress Anita, and customers tend to remain comfortably status quo, John says.

At J.K.'s, "People know who they're going to see," Claire says.

Susan Thornton



PHOTO BY DOUG KAPUS

James Ryan

Beyond building: seeing more than the bottom line

It's possible that without Jim Ryan there would be no Columbia.

Jim Ryan, founder of Ryland Homes, combined aggressive business practices with the ability to see beyond the bottom line.

He arrived in Columbia in 1967 from Pittsburgh, where he was president of Ryan Homes, the company founded by his brother, Edward.

Jim Rouse's dream for Columbia was a city with unique neighborhoods and individual homes, but he needed to sell lots of lots to survive. And Rouse did not want tract housing in Columbia.

Ryland Homes filled the gap. Jim Ryan built quantity without building sameness. At one point, more than half the

single family homes in Columbia were Ryland-built homes.

But Jim Ryan was more than a builder. His company supported Columbia's interfaith centers through cash donations.

In 1983, when he retired from the company he built, Jim Ryan enrolled in a pastoral counseling course to learn more about the one thing he loved more than business — people.

Today, Ryan and his wife live on their farm outside Mt. Airy. They travel frequently. He holds management seminars for non-profit organizations and heads the Ryan Family Foundation, a charitable organization founded in 1971.

John N. Rogers



PHOTO BY ERIC GRANDY

Florence Bain

**With respect for our
elders, she acted on their
needs and concerns**

Many a smug mother has bought a book, just for her daughter's chapter; many a symphony orchestra patron has a son in the bassoon section. In that tradition, as Columbia grew along lines drawn by consultants and planners, the mother of one of those consultants decided to up and move here.

After doing so, Florence Bain found a hole in the planners' logic. Columbia might be perfect for young families, she learned, but provisions for senior citizens

were slim. So Bain founded an American Association of Retired Persons chapter, and served as the first chairperson of the county's Commission on Aging, from 1969 to 1982.

During that time, Bain fought hard for a county senior activity center. As a result of her work, the Florence Bain Senior Center in Harper's Choice opened in 1983, and became the focal point of senior life here.

In 1986, the then 90-year-old woman retired to son Henry's Montgomery County home, expressing thanks to neighbors who had "befriended and helped" her.

"There is a debt there that can never be repaid," said Bain, "and part of me will remain here forever."

Margaret Guroff



PHOTO BY PAUL ABEL



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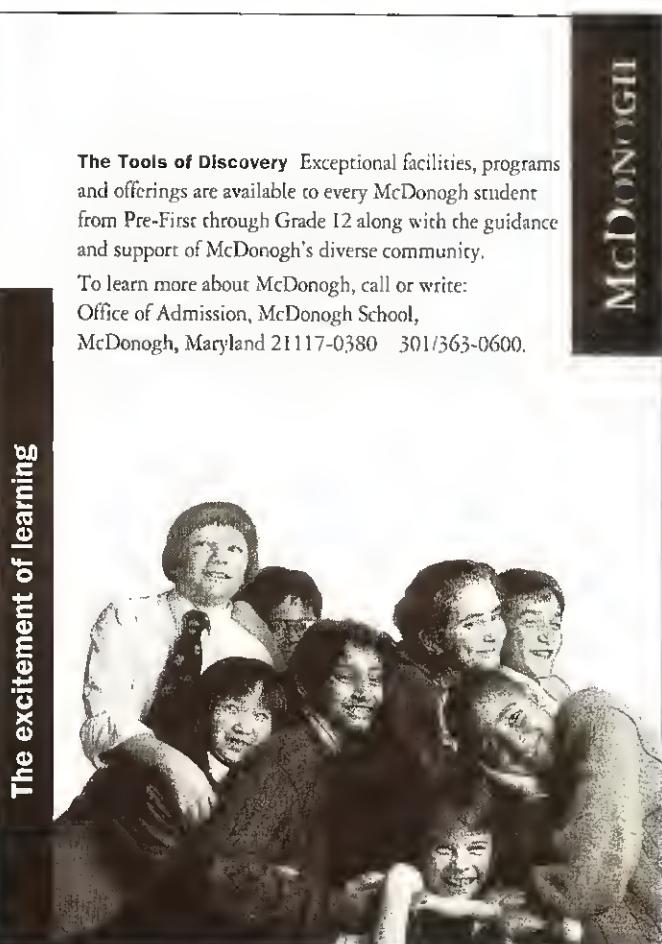
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The Dream vs. the Reality

What
the
planners
envisioned,
and what
we got
instead

Story by Margaret Guroff
Illustrations by Bette Lucey

Some modern-day newcomers, though, must think the myth — if they hear it at all — to sound like so much hype. Sure, Rouse envisioned and Rouse plotted, but finally what did he build? A big, introspective suburban society, centered on a shopping mall, perhaps a bit greener than most, perhaps a bit more expensive come tax time.

Part of this normality has grown as Columbia's innovations slipped into

nationwide currency. The Columbia Medical Plan, for example — a pre-paid, one-stop community medical center — is now just another HMO (health maintenance organization).

Wide-open public education that begins before kindergarten and lasts into adulthood was the impetus for open classrooms and community colleges nationwide. Interspersing low-income housing among higher-cost homes is a chief aim of today's affordable-housing advocates. And Rouse's maverick goal of a racially integrated community is now an assumed, if rarely achieved, ideal.

To those who brainstormed the city before physical planning began, though, Columbia's existence remains a radical's success.

"The bulk of what we talked about and hoped for was achieved," said Henry Bain, a government expert and the only consulting team member who ever lived here. "That's something that doesn't happen very often, especially in anything as difficult as this."

Members of the pre-planning work group gathered twice monthly for half a year. Group members were recognized experts in family life, recreation, sociology, economics, education, health, psychology, housing, transportation, and communication.

One was a woman. All were white.

You're James Rouse, shopping center shaman. It's 1963. Borrow \$18 million and load a lawyer down with it. Cast him skulking across the countryside, buying farms at three times their value. When he's bought a city's worth, visit local officials (newly elected on a slow-growth platform) to announce you'll build a city here, if they'll consent.

Only then assemble your consultants — 14 social engineers from across the country — and ask them your questions: How do you bake a city from scratch? What are the ingredients?

When you're talking about Columbia's founding fathers, "you're talking about genuine American freaks," said Wallace Hamilton in a 1973 interview. "Jim Rouse was an oddball, and Frazar Wilde (whose insurance company financed the land grab) was an oddball."

Knowing now that they succeeded, it's easy to judge the actions of Columbia's founders prudent, said former Rouse Company historian Hamilton. "But you've also got to understand that Frazar Wilde bet \$18 million of other people's money on his buddy down in Baltimore," Hamilton recalled. "These are gamblers, man, these are real gamblers."

For old-time Columbians, the new town's origins are the stuff of legend: there stood Rouse, fiery-eyed, in the middle of a corn field, and envisioned a garden for growing people. He called on the brightest young minds to help make the garden grow.

One of the group's successful notions was the quasi-government Columbia Association, designed to gradually place public recreation facilities under public control. Establishing a municipal government at the outset would have opened the new town to a hostile take-over by its first citizens, as Park Forest, Illinois, experienced after World War II.

In that planned community, homebuyers did political battle with the developer, leaving his plans for further development behind. In this one, the framers took no such chance.

Another idea generally credited to the work group is the interfaith center, where multiple congregations share facilities to minimize cost.

The idea of organizing public life into neighborhoods and villages, however, was Rouse's own.

"Rouse is a very strong believer in the community, the togetherness of people," Bain said. "I think the work group, which had some pretty sophisticated sociologists among it, was not all that keen on the neighborhood concept."

Rouse's view prevailed.

"I don't really remember anybody confronting Mr. Rouse and saying, 'Mr. Rouse, the medieval era has passed. We're now in the modern era. It's no longer

"Rouse is a very strong believer in the community, the togetherness of people."

Henry Bain

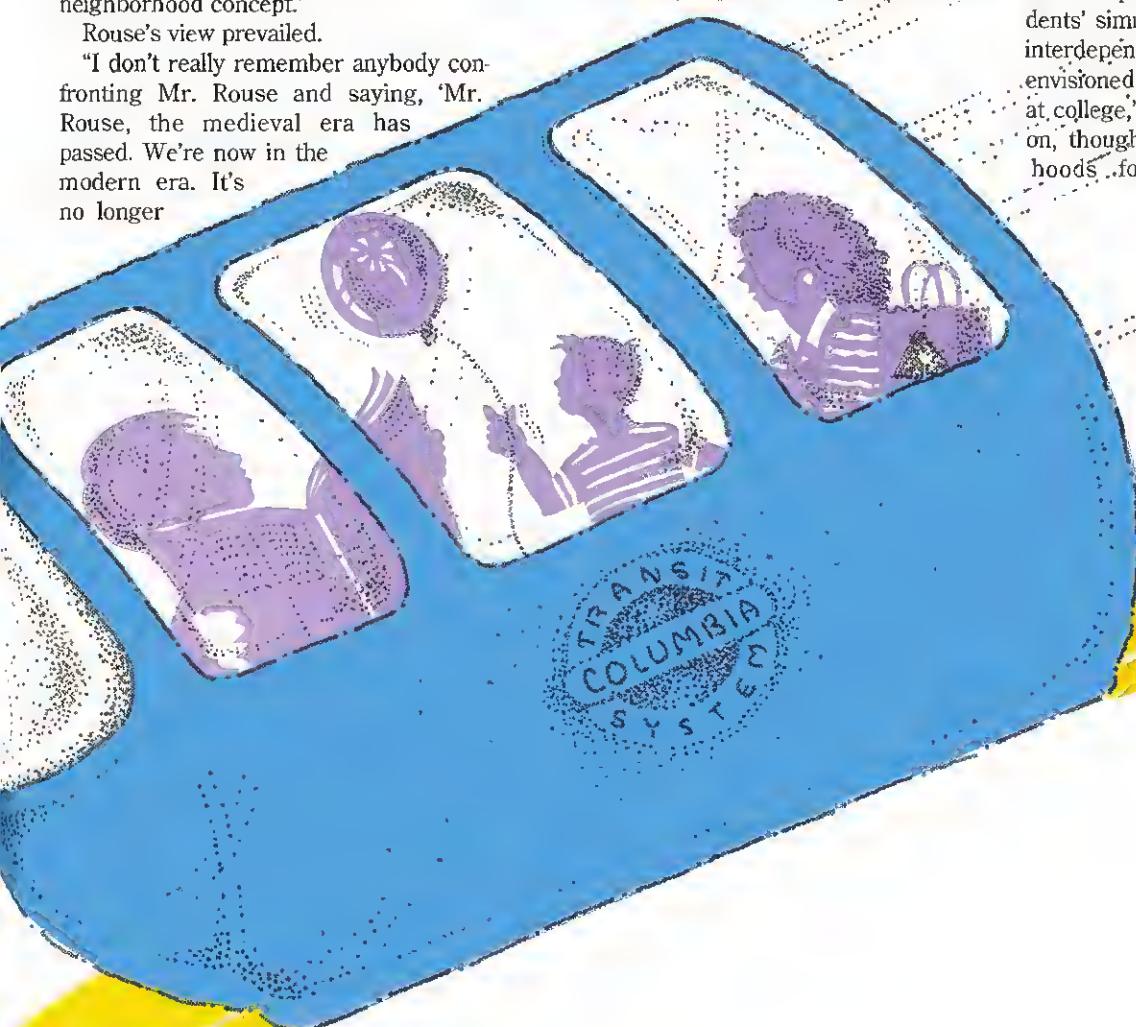
a viable concept for social organization,'" Bain said.

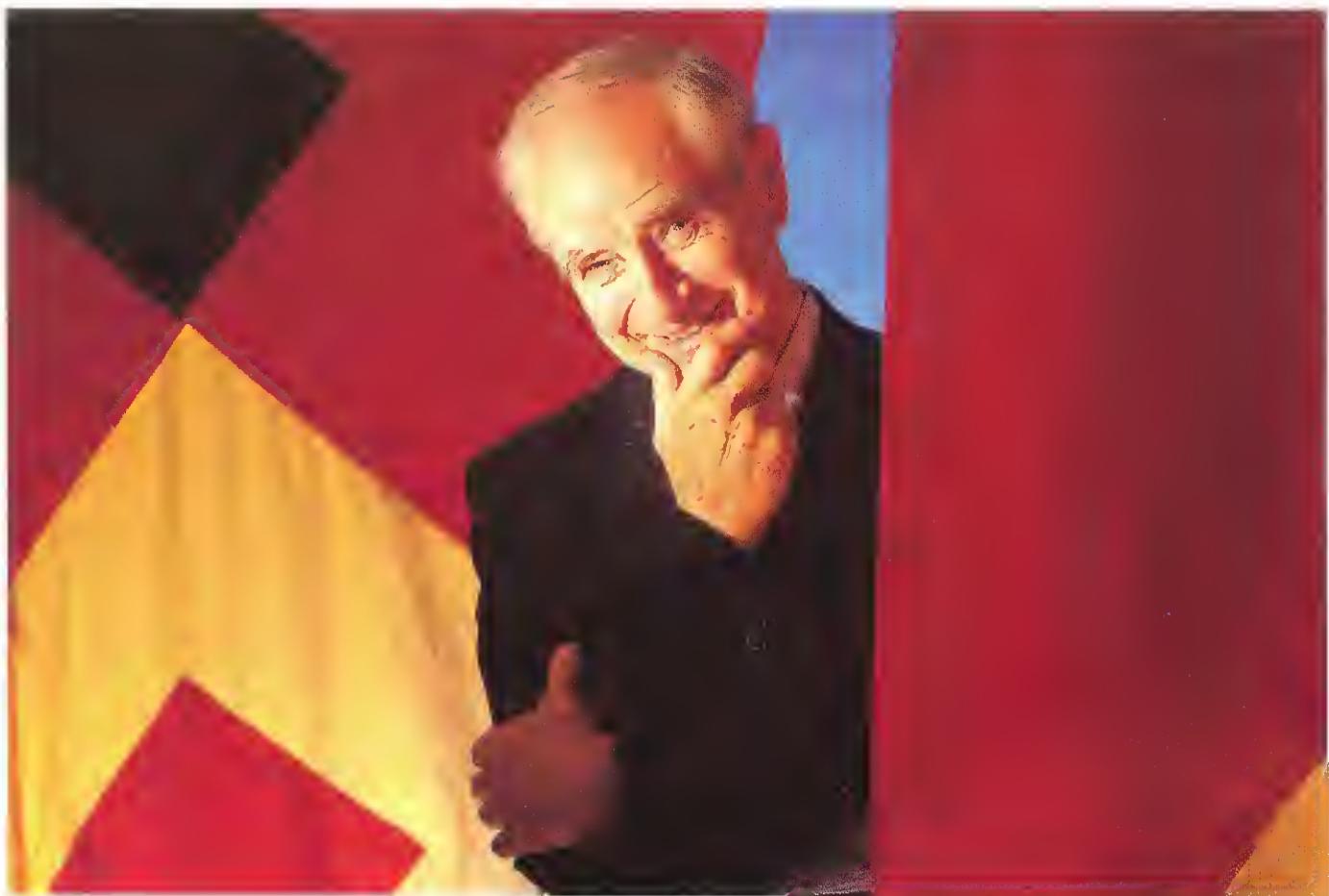
In a talking paper for the group, sociol-

ogist Herbert Gans wrote that Columbia neighborhoods were unlikely to function as cohesive social units, and that therefore "undue emphasis on the neighborhood is illusory." Yet some Columbia neighborhoods do function as units, with elaborate traditions made of whole cloth.

One woman raised in such a neighborhood postulates that the original residents' simultaneous arrival inspired the interdependence of souls that Rouse envisioned for all — "like freshman year at college," she said. As pioneers move on, though, many Columbia neighborhoods foster the cool, nodding

continued on next page





A city's voyage into the future

Morris Keeton is head of the Columbia Forum, a citizens group whose birthday project, the Columbia Voyage, has set goals for the city's future.

Those goals are: affordable housing; opportunities to learn and grow; development with respect for the land; to celebrate our diversity; to encourage more citizen participation in government; to create a vibrant downtown; to nurture the arts; to develop public transportation; to make health care available to all; to encourage new ideas, technology, businesses and the creation of new jobs; and to assure that all voices can be heard.

Photography by J.M. Eddins Jr.